Week ending August 3 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

TAKE UP YOUR OLD TRADE IN THE R.A.F.

Ex-R.A.F. Tradesmen. You did a grand war-time job. Now the peace-time R.A.F. offers you—

- a Short-term Bounty Scheme worth £125 in all.
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- your old temporary rank.
- your old trade.
- peace-time conditions and amenities.

100,000 men are wanted. The need is vital. Here is an opportunity to make the most of your experience. If you are 41 or under, enjoy once more the comradeship of the finest Service in the world.

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When "Golden Shred" reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that

The World's Best Marmalade

is being made again Until then the Marmalade to buy is

J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

"WHICH FOODS DO WHAT?"—No. 6

FAMILY GROUP

You'd hardly think the sugary and starchy foods were related. They look and taste so different from each other. Yet they all belong to the same family — the carbohydrates. They all are turned by your digestive system into the very same thing — glucose, or blood sugar. This you burn as fuel to make the wheels go round. Like the fats, the carbohydrates are fuel foods, only of a less concentrated kind. Here are the members of the carbohydrate family:

SUGARS Sugar, Jam, Marmalade, Syrup and Treacle, Honey, Dried Fruits.

STARCHES Semolina, Pearl Barley, Rice, Sago, Tapioca, Cornflour, Potatoes, Bread and Flour, Oatmeal and other whole-grain cereals.

The present bread and flour, like whole-grain cereals, give you besides fuel, second-class body-building material, vitamin B_1 and iron. Potatoes, blackcurrant jam (and marmalade to lesser extent) help with vitamin C, and dried fruits and *black* treacle, give some iron. The rest are fuels.

Keep them in their place

You don't have to worry much about getting enough of the carbohydrates. In fact, the main fault in many diets is that these foods are apt to steal the place of more important ones. Sugars and starches are good and necessary in their place, which is after you have planned for the main body-building and protective foods. Then they help to fill up the corners and to give variety to meals.

(S145)

ISSUED BY THE MF MINISTRY OF FOOD

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BREAKFAST LUNCH SUPPER

No! A natural food is available to all which not only adds its own extra nourishment to your meals but *extracts* more goodness from every other food you eat. This is Yestamin Vitamin Yeast, combining proteins (40% to 48%) with a rich supply of B_1 Vitamins, and it can really make all the difference to the health of people who are strained and over-tired. In the News Chronicle, Feb. 11th, 1946, a famous medical man (an expert on food) tells the public: "If ever we needed B_1 (Vitamin) it is now . . . as a general nerve tonic . . . and to reduce testiness, intolerance and bad manners." 3 Yestamin tablets taken with every meal give you the needed B_1 Vitamin and in addition supply *all* the other B Vitamins so essential to health. This is why you pay no purchase tax on Yestamin. 100 tablets cost 1/1½, or 300 3/- (a month's supply). *NO DRUGS.* Get Yestamin to-day at your Chemist.

Yestamin VITAMIN YEAST * **1/1½** PER 100

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More FLAVOUR because they're malted

More NOURISHMENT because they're wheat

QUAKER *Malted* **WHEAT FLAKES**

Crisp — Crunchy — Digestible

2 POINTS . . . . . 10 HELPINGS . . . . 5½d. A PACKET

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TOILET PAPER

Now pre-war quality & reduced in price!

PACKETS 1/- ROLLS 1/3

VELVET CREPE PAPER CO. LTD PRODUCT

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CONSERVE YOUR ENERGY FOR THE PEACE EFFORT

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". . . to pass freely without let or hindrance . . ."

So runs the Request of the British Passport, that essential document for all who travel beyond Britain's shores, sailing the seven seas in course of trade. The Midland Bank, with a foreign business second to none, has already sent missions to many parts of the world—and more are on the way.

All concerned in business with other countries are invited to make use of the Bank's overseas service. The Manager of any one of more than 1800 branches will welcome the opportunity of discussing problems relating to foreign trade.

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PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

HILLMAN MINX

for the motorist whose car is always in use

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

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Your handy self-fixing bandage is **surgically safe** if it's

BAND-AID

In pocket tins 6d. and 1/-.

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The vital part is the dressing that *actually touches the wound*. That is why people choose Band-Aid, made by Johnson & Johnson, famous in the hospital world for the hygienic safety of their bandages and dressings. This handy bandage *stretches*—so it stays in position even on a knuckle joint.

Made by Johnson & Johnson *famous for Johnson's Baby Powder, Surgical Dressings, Bandages, etc.*

Thanks for the applause!

We knew listeners would like our 5-valve all-wave superhet receiver, and we were right! Although supplies are limited this set is well worth a little patience . . . a first-rate all-rounder, with particularly fine quality and good short wave sensitivity. Ask your radio dealer.

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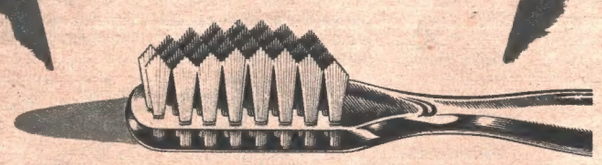

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"Palm" REGD

TOFFEE

The Children's Choice

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT!

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

FOR A BRILLIANT SHOE SHINE

In Black, Brown and Tonette. Tins 3d & 6d

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.

"MY WORD! YOU'VE HAD A GOOD SHAVE THIS MORNING"

It's the *modern* way to smooth, cool, easy shaving without sting or burn. Try it for yourself. Here's what you do. Wet your face. Spread on some Colgate Brushless. Then shave!

—He's changed to COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM

1/10½ & 3/- Including Tax

DRUMMER DYES

Still lead the way for successful home dyeing

EDGES, BOLTON

Skin needs

NIVEA

In the blue and white tin, 2/-

HERTS PHARMACEUTICALS LTD · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS

Ah! BISTO

IMPROVES ALL MEAT DISHES

TESTED JB

It's sleepy time now

Yes! he's tired out after a busy, happy day, and as mummy always washes his clothes with 'ACDO' he'll not be disturbed by his clothes irritating him.

Wise mothers invariably use 'ACDO,' for it makes clothes velvety soft as well as snowy white.

'ACDO' also washes the grimiest, dirtiest clothes spotlessly clean, without rubbing or scrubbing, and it saves soap and fuel as well.

TRY IT, too, for renovating carpets and upholstery.

You get TWO pkts. 7d. pkts. of 'ACDO' for 1 Ration—each small square of a coupon—enough to do the washing of a family of normal size for one month.

WASH with ACDO REGD. THE GUARANTEED SELF-WASHER

Get 'ACDO' from your GROCER, OILMAN, or STORES

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ASTLEY DYE & CHEMICAL CO., LTD., BOLTON

Can a tang sting?

WASPS know a good thing when they see it and they know that Rose's Lime Marmalade is very good indeed. That's the only drawback to tea in the garden these summer afternoons. Still, most people would risk a sting to get the tang. Rose's costs no more than any other fine marmalade. It's on the jam ration, naturally.

Rose's LIME MARMALADE

THE DIFFERENCE IS DELIGHTFUL

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YOU TRUST ITS QUALITY

DRINK Coca-Cola TRADE MARK

For more than half a century, people have enjoyed the same refreshing goodness of Coca-Cola. When restrictions are lifted, there will be plenty of Coca-Cola available for all. It will be, as always, the quality you can trust.

APPROVED JB

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY LTD., SOUTHFIELD ROAD, LONDON, W.4

CVS-4

"What! Electric Washing Machines?"

"Queues are definitely my pet hate," said the woman in the blue hat.

"Waiting-lists are pretty grim, too," supplemented her queue-neighbour. "I'm on so many, I've almost lost track."

"Got your name down on the one at the Electricity Showrooms?" inquired the lady in the hat.

"Oh, yes, of course!" Her neighbour brightened up. "I call that my Number One Waiting-list—and I must say they're *so* well organised down there, aren't they?"

"They *are* that," said the lady in the hat decisively. "They reckon that Electricity's going to make life a whole lot easier for us housewives—not only with cookers and irons and things, but with electric *washing* machines as well!"

The queue moved up, and waiting turned to debating—on future homes and Electricity.

Electricity...Wonderful thing!

BRITISH ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, 2 SAVOY HILL, LONDON, W.C.2

FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD

POWDER

Makes delicious creamy custard

TESTED JB

COLMAN'S MUSTARD freshly made

The Nation's Economical Condiment

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"Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
'Are the children in their beds,
for now it's eight o'clock?'"

Lots of kiddies are in bed at eight o'clock every night—sleeping the healthful, peaceful sleep, which "a Weetabix supper" helps to ensure! But for breakfast, as well as at other times of the day, Weetabix also makes a delicious meal. Indeed, for *all* members of the family, happy and healthy is "the day which begins and ends with nutritive, energising Weetabix."

Prices! 7½d (2 points)
Large Size 1/1d (4 points)

Weetabix MORE than a Breakfast Food

Sold everywhere; Supplies limited

TESTED JB

W25

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

It's easy to see that David's teacher got Persil last week!

PERSIL washes WHITER

TESTED JB

CLASS 1 SOAP POWDER; 4D. AND 8D. PACKETS

PER 1053-943 *Selling Agents* CROSFIELD, WATSON & GOSSAGE LTD., WARRINGTON

GET SOME FRUIT INTO JAM JARS WITH

GRAHAM FARISH SNAP PAT VACUUM CLOSURES

SIMPLE · QUICK · CHEAP

Avoid fruitless meals next winter by bottling NOW with Snap Closures—the best of all methods! Uses less sugar in jam-making!

GRAHAM FARISH LTD.

BROMLEY & STAPLEHURST, KENT

Also at BRISTOL & MANCHESTER

2'6 plus 8d. purchase tax per carton of twelve, 1-lb. or 2-lb. size. Obtainable everywhere.

A FAIR DEAL ON THE BEACHES

by THE EDITOR

HOLIDAY CROWDS HAVE, in many places, a legitimate grievance that has nothing to do with queues or boarding-house charges.

Good work has been done in clearing the landmines from our beaches. But defence works still mar the shores and cliffs along hundreds of miles of the south and east coasts, although fifteen months have passed since VE-Day.

Coils of rusty barbed wire, half hidden in grass, gorse or sand, trip the feet and lacerate the ankles of holiday-makers. Short cuts to the beaches are blocked by concrete obstacles. There are tank traps and gun emplacements.

At the water's edge stand mile after mile of metal scaffolding, bent and battered by winter storms, covered with seaweed—a useless relic of the days when we feared invasion.

All this provides fascination—and danger—for children.

Many seaside hospitals this summer have been treating a stream of young casualties with damaged toes, gashed legs and hands.

There is a tendency to believe that, once the actively dangerous objects, the mines, are removed, the rest can wait.

This is not giving holiday-makers a fair deal. If the War Office won't do the job on its own initiative, then Jack Lawson, the Minister for War, must be persuaded by his Parliamentary colleagues to get busy.

The people of Britain want their natural playgrounds back—intact.

EXAMS MUST STAY

CRITICS OF THE school examination system are in full cry at this time of year. They point to thousands of children who are just going on holiday, pale and strained after the ordeal of the School Certificate examination, climax of the scholastic year.

They demand that this rigid examination be abolished. They insist that it puts too heavy and concentrated a burden on children and teachers alike.

They say that the examination stops any attempt to stagger holidays and so relieve overcrowding at the seaside.

But Ellen Wilkinson, Minister of Education, defends the School Certificate. Although she is willing for the subject to be discussed by the Secondary Schools' Examination Council, she says the examination must stay.

Ellen Wilkinson is right. This standard examination gives order, form and shape to the education of millions of children. While we are so short of schools and teachers it would be sheer stupidity to change the whole structure of school life.

Abolition of the existing examination system would have two immediate results. Our children would learn less. The pace of school effort would slacken.

There are many sentimentalists who see good in *any* sort of change. Most of us will continue to believe that children go to school to learn something, and that an examination is still the best way of finding out how much they know.

MUDDLE IN THE DIVORCE COURTS

MARRIED COUPLES EVERYWHERE will want to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Morris, of Bruton Bradstock, Dorset, who have just celebrated their seventieth wedding anniversary.

This happy marriage has lasted a whole life's span.

In melancholy contrast stand the 30,000 couples who are today waiting for divorce. Waiting because our out-of-date legal machinery has proved utterly incapable of dealing with the mounting mass of work which confronts the courts.

Once we admit the principle of divorce, then we should see to it that petitioners do not experience unnecessary delay and mental suffering. There is no more reason why these 30,000 couples should be forcibly kept together than why, on the other extreme, Mr. and Mrs. Morris should ever be forcibly separated.

Not enough judges . . . not enough court time . . . this is the eternal cry that arises whenever divorce delays are discussed. The remedy is clear, once we strip the subject of all the legal humbug that clouds it.

Divorce was once regarded as a shameful and exceptional matter. The machinery for obtaining a divorce is still geared to that conception, in spite of recent speeding-up measures. Reform of the cumbersome procedure need not lead to a vast increase in divorces. There will always be far more happy unions than quarrelling couples.

But reform would put an end to the delay that binds man to woman long after they should logically be apart.

BANK HOLIDAY FANTASY

SIMPLIFY TRAVEL

THERE IS A QUEUE in Knightsbridge that puzzles the casual passer-by.

Men and women, young and old, rich and poor, stand politely in line twice daily. The queue leads not to a costermonger's barrow or to a theatre-ticket agency, but into the door of a plain, square building.

That building houses part of the French Consulate in London. The queue is for visas to travel to France.

It is a queue that is soon to disappear.

"Visas," says Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, "are an abomination. I want to get rid of them."

He speaks of "great changes" that are very soon to come in the passport system between a "large number of countries."

These are words that will be welcomed both by overworked officials at the Passport Office and by thousands of would-be travellers.

As many as 20,000 applications for passports are being handled each week. Both staffing and accommodation are proving inadequate.

The simple and good solution is not to employ more officials but to cut down on the work.

Passports are a product of this age of international suspicion. Bevin can't abolish them.

But as the world returns to peacetime methods everything possible must be done to simplify this matter of holiday and business visits between Britain and her neighbours.

THE MAN WHO

Mr. J. Fletcher Dodd, Britain's first holiday camp organizer, didn't realize what he'd started . . .

A Victorian reformer — thrifty and hard-working — put up a bell tent by the sea. Britain's holiday camp habit had begun! A habit that has grown to such an extent that the Government is expressing interest

by DENNIS BARDENS

LIVING IN QUIET RETIREMENT in Tunbridge Wells is a man who started a holiday revolution all on his own—and did it by accident.

He doesn't look (and he will forgive my saying so) capable of any revolution, of any sort. Mr. J. Fletcher Dodd, J.P., is typical of the Victorian reformers whose early work did so much for British social development. Hard-working, religious, thrifty, he was an uncompromising Socialist at a time when this meant social ostracism and boycott.

Yet it was J. Fletcher Dodd who, in those early days, hit on an idea that has transformed Britain's holiday habits more than almost any other single cause since the coming of the railway and cheap excursions.

He invented the holiday camp.

In 1903 Mr. Fletcher Dodd, who was working as a valuer in London and Southampton and filling in every available minute of his leisure by campaigning for his beliefs, went on a visit to Caister-on-Sea, near Great Yarmouth. He liked the bracing sea air, the fine, smooth sand and the peaceful atmosphere of the village.

Caister used to be a Roman camp and villagers often picked up gold coins. Except for a hotel perched on the steep cliffs, it was a lonely and secluded spot.

Just the spot for a holiday, decided the prudent and thrifty Mr. Dodd. By arrangement with a local farmer he got permission to pitch two bell tents there.

And so Mr. and Mrs. Dodd and their two children, Jack and Charles, made their own holiday camp there, with plenty of bathing, boating on the Norfolk Broads, some good fishing and occasional trips in a horse-drawn wagonette.

Now Mrs. Dodd was an enthusiastic suffragette; her views were no more popular than her husband's in those days; and when Dodd addressed meetings from his orange box in the market place of Great Yarmouth he was often pushed from the stand.

The following year, therefore, he invited a few friends to come and join them at Caister, and naturally they were drawn from the ranks of Labour.

Pleasure plus Politics

The holiday was an even greater success than the first; everyone shared in the work, tidying the tents and preparing the meals, and apart from the usual holiday pleasures there were debates, discussions and excursions to local towns and villages to spread propaganda.

Dodd told me: "I had no idea, until then, how enjoyable a communal holiday could be. It was a real holiday *camp* then, with bell tents and cooking before an open fire."

So he bought an acre of land for £130, planted some fruit trees and, with a friend who was a carpenter, built a bungalow. He christened his place the "Socialist Camp," Caister-on-Sea, and advertised in the *Labour Leader*, his inclusive terms being 3s. 6d. a day. He got two replies, from young men who cycled all the way from London, bringing their own pillows and blankets as instructed.

"But where are the beds?" they asked.

Dodd pointed to a pile of straw and to a bell tent he had bought for 10s.

"Help yourself," he said.

Local people did not welcome the incursion of strange young men and women who lived in tents and preached heretic and disturbing political ideas. But the camp prospered, especially from 1910, when a newspaper heard of the project and sent a man down from London to take photographs.

Many people whose names were to become household words stayed in that early holiday camp: that great journalist and humanist, Robert Blatchford; Philip Snowden; Herbert Morrison; Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Drummond, the suffragettes; Keir Hardie; and Litvinoff.

Litvinoff told Stephen King-Hall during his visit to Moscow: "Give my kind regards to Mr. Dodd. My holidays at his camp were the happiest of my life."

By 1910 the camp had grown to such an extent that a club room was built, large enough to seat 200 people, and the bungalow was used as a kitchen. Campers still slept in tents.

During the first World War the camp was requisitioned, but immediately afterwards it became very popular and was enlarged by several acres. Huts replaced tents, and campers ate in big dining-halls instead of on the lawn or in marquees.

"There was, and still is, about these camps an atmosphere of fellowship never found to the same extent in boarding-houses or hotels," Dodd told me. "I found the formula by which people could have really good holidays at moderate expense, and by which whole families could go away together."

Right up to the outbreak of this war, improvements were added.

All-in Amusement

In 1932 the largest dance hall in Norfolk was built and a first-class dance band engaged permanently for the season. Running water, excellent bathrooms and showers and other amenities followed, producing the sort of holiday camp we know today.

For an inclusive fee a camper gets all his food, free amusements, freedom from all worry over detail, free sport, bathing and ample provision for his children and for any members of his family who may be elderly.

Some of the holidaymakers now at Caister camp have been going there regularly for thirty years.

Since J. Fletcher Dodd pitched his tent in that field, holiday camps have become so popular in this country that over 600,000 people will spend their holidays that way this year.

Why will they do so?

One answer to that question was implicit in a scene which Noel Coward introduced into one of his early revues. He showed a mother, hot, harassed and exasperated, dragging a small child along a dusty and crowded seaside promenade.

The child is crying dismally, but in reply to his howls the mother says: "I've brought you here to enjoy yourself—and enjoy yourself you *shall*!"

The modern holiday camp is the complete solution to a mother's summer martyrdom.

She can park the kids and enjoy herself with father.

Take, for instance, what has happened in Butlin's holiday camps, which this year will cater for 400,000 people.

Butlin believes in ready-made holidays. He leaves nothing to chance—not even the weather,

REALLY STARTED ALL THIS

for when the sun goes behind the clouds Butlin's sun-lamps are turned on in the lounges.

Most of us have known that horrible afternoon when the rain is clearly "set in for the day" and the boarders sit glumly around a Victorian boarding-house drawing-room, wondering whether to play chess or risk a soaking going to the cinema.

These are Billy Butlin's busiest days.

"When the weather's bad," he says, "I turn the heat full on."

On a really wet day every Butlin holiday camp offers its guests twenty-eight different things to do. From 9.30 in the morning until eight at night they are never given a moment's leisure to worry about the weather.

Butlin's Big Idea

Butlin got the first idea for his holiday camps when he was working in the advertisement department of a Montreal chain store which, before the first World War, organized staff holidays.

He came to Britain with the Canadian Army, liked it here—and bought a hoop-la stall. One stall led to many, and finally Butlin started his first modest amusement park.

All this while he was watching the habits of the British on holiday. He was shrewd enough to see that the conventional seaside boarding-house was a little too stiff and genteel for many people, who wanted to relax two weeks out of fifty-two. He felt they needed more boisterous gaiety, more companionship, more comfort.

Aspidistras there were in plenty in these boarding-houses—but the occasional horse-laugh was lacking.

So, as a first step, he bought a site at Skegness and in 1936 opened a camp for 500 people.

It was an instant success, and by 1939 had been enlarged to hold 6,000 campers. A year before this he had opened a second camp at Clacton (capacity: 2,000 campers). Just before war broke out he bought a camp at Filey, Yorkshire, which was designed to give 5,500 people the time of their lives.

All three camps are open this season, and others are under construction at Pwllheli and Ayr.

The free-and-easy atmosphere of Butlin's camps at once attracted criticism from the sort of people to whom happiness is synonymous with sin.

The chalets, separated from each other by a few feet, had an intimacy which blended the hundreds of holidaymakers into one happy family.

"Police" Patrol Alleys

To the logically minded person this was no different from side-by-side bedroom doors in a big hotel. Yet since there are people who see evil in anything, the sight of girls in brassiere bathing suits occupying their own chalet—with perhaps a couple of personable young men as their next-chalet neighbours—was an immediate invitation to gossip and speculation as to "what went on."

Even Ernest Bevin, expressing the interest now being taken by Government circles in the development of these camps, raised the point that the morals of young people attending them depended on a high standard of management.

The truth is that what goes on at Butlin's holiday camps is a vast programme of healthy enjoyment—but, since there may be serpents in every Eden, there are also camp "police," who patrol the chalet alleys after dark.

But, considering the large mixed population of the holiday camps, there is very little trouble indeed from over-romantic campers who may be temporarily intoxicated by the Filey moon.

Because, above all, the holiday camp is a family affair. Mothers can leave their younger children in the nursery every day, knowing they will have a grand time. Fathers can escape the cares of domesticity by playing snooker with other temporary fugitives from the family circle.

High-jinks at a Butlin holiday camp. The competition organizer finds it difficult to speak with his mouth full

Daughters make friends who take them to the roller-skating rink and date them up for the evening's dance.

The holiday camp is a complete answer to the family's varying holiday needs and likes.

And for the lonely souls, most of the camps have miles and miles of open countryside surrounding them.

Butlin believes that a little friendly rivalry and competition adds to the enjoyment of people's holidays. That is why he arranges his camps in "houses" on boarding-school lines.

Visitors find themselves seconded to "Gloucester" or "Kent" houses, with house cheer-leaders to rally them when, in the various competitions, they strive to uphold the honour and prowess of the old house.

"Hi-de-hi!" and "Ho-de-ho!" are the twin rallying-calls of the Butlin camp houses.

And never does the house spirit show itself more enthusiastically than in the camp competitions. These contests may be to decide the camper with the knobbliest knees, the camp "lovely," the plumpest baby, the slickest amateur crooner, the funniest impromptu comedian or the girl with the niftiest ankles.

I arrived at one of Butlin's holiday camps on a Sunday. Now Sunday at the conventional seaside boarding-house can indeed be terrible.

Yet Butlin made Sunday as bright a day as any—although he had not forgotten to organize a service for campers who wished to attend. And the parson conducting the service invited campers to turn up in shorts or any other holiday attire they wished.

On the green a health-and-beauty class was in progress. The children were laughing in their playroom while their fathers were grimly intent on a snooker tournament. There was to be a tea dance, a pianoforte recital, a dancing lesson, a whist drive, a variety performance.

All this on a Sunday, so often the "dead day" of the ordinary holiday.

And it must be said that there is no sort of entertainment conscription in force.

Nobody attempts to see all the attractions. Some guests hardly trouble to attend a single organized event.

Plenty of Freedom

The spark of genius in the organization of the camps is that, while immense trouble is taken to fill both night and day with entertainment, the guest is left completely free to ignore the whole lot if he wishes to.

So what are we to think finally of the holiday camps that are revolutionizing the British way of summer enjoyment?

Are they destined to replace the seaside town as traditional holiday centres?

The answer, of course, lies somewhere in the fact that, while life in a holiday camp may be paradise to thousands, it would be sheer torture to thousands more, whose idea of the perfect holiday is to get away from crowds, who loathe being "organized."

Veteran Butlineers just love to be awakened by a professionally cheerful voice that bawls "Rise and shine!" over a fitted loudspeaker at seven-thirty each morning. Others might find it appalling.

But, as the Butlin camp-leaders ("It's our job to keep you cheerful") would say: "If you can't please yourselves on holiday, what can you do?"

PRIVATE VIEW OF RANK

MOVIE MILLER

WHEN, SOME THREE YEARS AGO, the British public became aware that Joseph Arthur Rank had acquired nearly all the best cinemas in Britain, there was something of a sensation.

Rank had far too much power, it was said. There was no question of his having misused it, but there was, of course, the possibility that he might.

He was, perhaps, the richest man in England. He had inherited a flour-milling business from his father worth several millions and, in a few years, had doubled his assets. He had been attracted to motion pictures as a medium for religious and moral instruction, and for the showing of these pictures had supplied projectors to 700 churches at half cost.

At that time, only a few years ago, the British film industry was in no happy state. Studios persistently lost money.

Out of the American public the industry made under £500,000 a year while British cinemagoers, numbering 25,000,000 a week, paid Hollywood a yearly revenue of £16,000,000.

That was the position just before the war.

RANK took over the Odeon circuit and became chief of the Gaumont British Picture Corporation, controlling thereby nearly 700 of the best cinemas in Britain. At the same time he bought five studios, strengthened the organization by absorbing all ancillaries of motion-picture production, and established a significant foothold in the United States by acquiring about thirty per cent of the major American company — Universal Pictures. His total assets were estimated at £50,000,000.

Rank next turned to the financing of super films, but American audiences were yet to be won over and Hollywood's leadership remained unchallenged. It was irksome to Rank that any British attempts at competition were deflected in America. At the same time, a serious moralist, he was upset by the corruptive influences of many American films on impressionable adolescents.

Rank was ready to act. His organization was cohesive enough to exert pressure on Hollywood. For, apart from his control over cinemas in England, Rank had assumed virtual ownership of 300 cinemas in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. All he asked for was an even break for British films in America. He is still manœuvring to get it.

Rank's grandfather, a Yorkshire yeoman, bought a windmill and made it pay. Rank's father introduced steam-driven machinery, became a millionaire and declined a peerage with the words: "I was born plain Joe Rank, and I intend to die plain Joe Rank."

J. Arthur Rank left school at sixteen and was put to work for thirteen hours a day as a junior clerk. In good time he became manager of a subsidiary firm, Peterkin Self-Raising Flour, and lost money for it heavily. Plain Joe chalked it up to his son's education.

The lesson was not wasted. That son has increased the family fortune many times over and now directs more than sixty companies.

IT would be a mammoth task even if he delegated the details to subordinates, but Rank does not. An American visitor was amazed. "That man has too much on his desk," he said. "Over in the States he'd leave all that paper work to other people."

It occupies Rank from early morning till, usually, well past midnight, five days a week. He occupies a suite in the Dorchester, and begins the day with a cup of tea which he sips in bed reading the financial press. Breakfast is served in his sitting-room as soon as he is dressed.

Rank's striking feature is the great physical strength that enables him to stand up to the strain of this enormous working day. He is followed from the hotel to his offices in Albion House, and from there to wherever his interests lead him, by four heavy brief cases. They contain "paper work" connected with his companies, and Rank keeps busy even while travelling about London in his car.

Over the weekend he relaxes completely, during the winter at Sutton Manor, Winchester, where he owns 20,000 acres. There he shoots in company with his gun dogs, Pat and Foy. It is his favourite pastime and he is said to be the sixth best shot in Britain. Returning from his most recent conferences in America, he inquired first after his dogs.

Normally Reigate claims Rank's weekends. He spends the time with his wife, plays golf with a handicap of seven or sometimes with guests on the tricky miniature course he has devised there.

On Sundays he takes a lunch basket and cycles to Reigate for Sunday school classes which he conducts himself.

HE is a moderate eater with a preference for well-done roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, potatoes and green peas, partridge which is not too gamey, and apple pie. Though confining himself entirely to tea and ginger pop, Rank's cellars are well stocked for the benefit of his guests.

He always pays very high wages to his top men, and from all that he has said and done, from his way of life and sentiment, it would appear he is not so much interested in money as in the good that can come out of it. He approaches motion pictures as a crusader and his impulse is a passionate devotion to England.

He is said to have leanings toward dictatorship, but his producers, writers and artists are very free. Though they might be using Rank's money, they choose their own pictures and are left to work out their own artistic and aesthetic salvation.

Left so much to themselves, they have even been known to grumble. One is reputed to have said: "I'm spending millions, but I've only seen him once, for ten minutes, in the whole of last year."

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

HOLIDAYS

THIS SUMMER about fifteen million workers (as against ten million in 1939) are taking a holiday—a full summer holiday, country, hills or sea.

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Most of these fifteen million (about four million of them for the first time in their lives!) are having holidays with pay. Trade union agreements enforcing this now cover more than nine million workers—as against four million in 1939, three million in 1938, less than two million in 1937.

★ ★ ★

Unfortunately this great advance comes at a time when war has battered our holiday resorts and strained our railways, and the "spreadover" system, which would ease the chaos, is not yet working properly. August remains the holiday peak. In pre-war years the four main-line railways carried twenty million more holiday passengers in August than in May. These passengers meant 40,000 extra trains.

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Figures (in millions) for monthly return tickets give the whole holiday picture: May, forty-eight; June, fifty-six; July, sixty; August, seventy-two; September, fifty-two.

★ ★ ★

Against these figures, the weather reports show June, not August, to be the finest month. Inches of rainfall: June, 2.63; August, 3.88. Average hours of sunshine per day: June, 6.26; August, 5.19. The sunniest fortnight of the year (taking the last seventy-five years as guide) comes between May 27 and June 18.

★ ★ ★

August Bank Holiday is the peak travel period. Many doctors would like to see this holiday shifted to September—a final tonic before the winter. Leicester firms, by a seventy-five per cent workers' vote, last year "moved Whit Monday to late autumn." As Whit week drew near the workers weren't so sure of their bargain, but on Whit Monday ninety-eight per cent turned up.

★ ★ ★

Bank Holidays date from an Act passed in 1871. Prior to 1834 the Bank of England was closed on various saints' days and anniversaries, totalling thirty-three days in all. The Victorian era of trade expansion was just ahead and the dour business men threw over these last traces of Merrie England, reducing the holidays to four.

★ ★ ★

It has taken just a century to convince Big Business that holidays with pay *pay*. Workers produce more, absenteeism is less, sickness costs fall. James Whittaker, who at ten years old worked a sixteen-hour day in the Liverpool docks, is the unrecognized pioneer of this principle. Sent to 30,000 firms, his pamphlet made employers everywhere start to think.

★ ★ ★

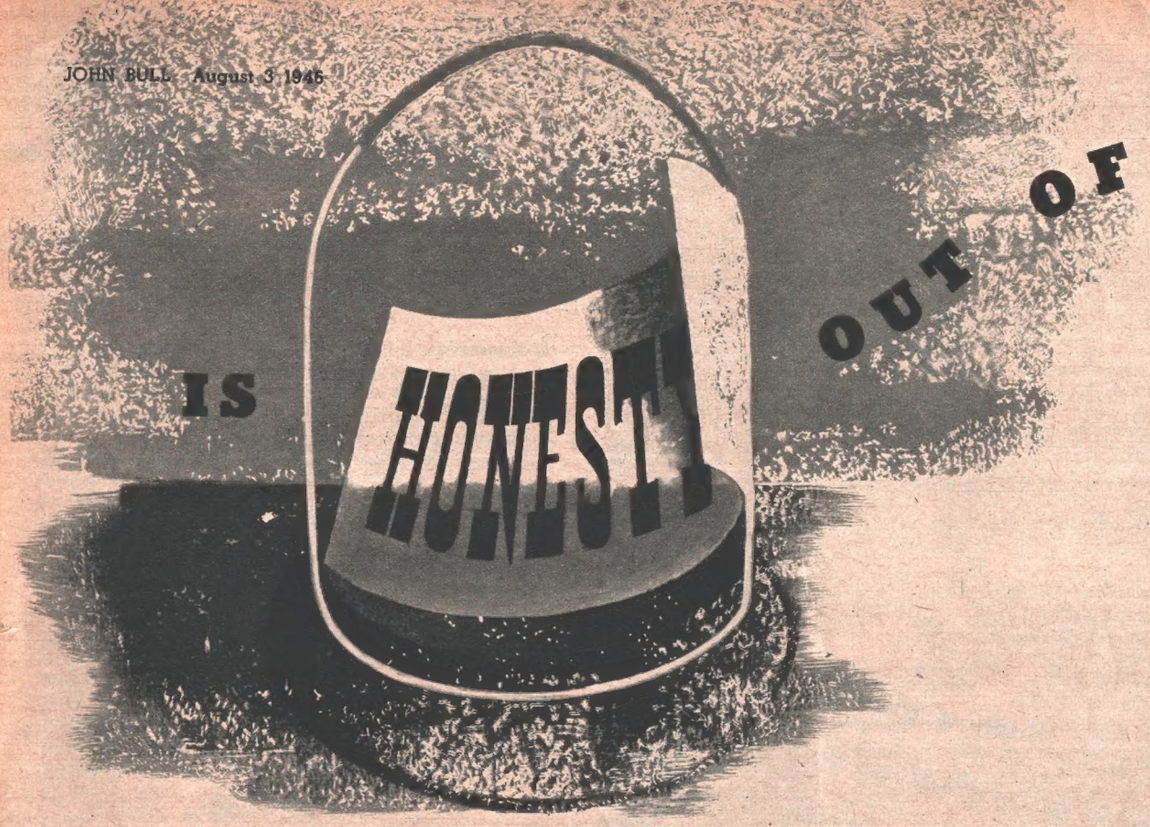
If the eighteen million workers earning less than £6 a week all took a summer holiday, with their families, holiday figures would reach thirty millions. Then "staggering" would be forced upon us. The Labour Government, foreseeing this, is planning ahead. Soon a holidays council will be spreading out wakes weeks, moving examination dates, sharing out the holiday season by agreement among those concerned.

★ ★ ★

Holidays must cost less. In some cases charges are doubled. Half as much again is, perhaps, fair—costs have risen sharply; anything more is iniquitous. *Incidentally, some of the big touring concerns are only increasing charges twenty-five per cent.*

★ ★ ★

Biggest headache of holiday caterers—souvenir collectors. One restaurant proprietor with 10,000 knives, forks and spoons is losing a hundred of each *weekly*. A snack-bar manager recently knocked all the handles off his cups—the only way to keep them! Another stamped his knives: "Stolen from Blank's Restaurant." He soon stopped this. Customers found the challenge irresistible.



FASHION?

by Rev. W. E. PURCELL

What has happened to our ideas of straight dealing? Today, common theft appears in some strange disguises –but it's common theft all the same declares the Rev. Mr. Purcell. We must relearn the value of honesty

"FIFTEEN YEARS AGO," the manager of a London factory said recently, "if you accidentally mislaid a fountain pen or other personal possession in the workshop, it was usually restored in a short time.

"Today, if you put down a penknife and turned aside, the article would disappear and never be returned. There has been a considerable amount of theft of valuable equipment by members of the staff. This would have been incredible twenty years ago. Today it is commonplace." A commonplace?

It is that last word which raises a big question. Have our ideas of straight dealing undergone such a change that it is now unsafe to leave even so small a personal possession as a penknife lying around?

This, in a Britain where the extremely high standard of honesty of ordinary people was once something of a marvel.

Or is that putting it too strongly?

Black Market Means Theft

Railway companies, for the first time faced with wholesale theft of electric bulbs from compartments, have been forced to put up warning notices.

Dockland police have had to be reinforced in the face of serious losses in transit of the people's food.

There are whole areas—and prosperous ones—where it is unwise to leave bottles of milk on doorsteps.

All this would seem to suggest that those who speak of a wholesale lowering of our standards of honesty are not so far wrong.

Certainly, today's conditions of world scarcity have something to do with it. Rationing leads inevitably to that sombre phenomenon of our times, the black market. And black markets mean theft, for that is how they are supplied, however politely the fact is concealed from those who buy in them.

The wealthy diner-out at one of those expensive little places where there is plenty for those who can pay is just as much an accomplice in the crime of burglary from the nation's larder, as if he had shone a torch while the job was being done.

Some of the spurious glamour of modern gangster crime may be lessened by such stories as that of a recent case, when a dramatic chase of a fast car across London led to the discovery that it contained, not diamonds, but sides of bacon.

Yet the hard fact of the crime remains.

For it is never the value of the article stolen which constitutes the crime of theft. It is the fact that what is stolen is someone else's property.

The bad neighbour who takes a bottle of milk, the youth who leaves a train with an electric-light bulb in his pocket, both are close relations of the big-time thief. The only difference is one of scale, and the sooner we realize it, the better.

There are few of us who would not feel anger at the sight of someone stealing from a blind man. Why should we not feel anger at large scale, but equally contemptible forms of deception practised on society as a whole? Black markets of all kinds being the chief and most serious.

They will continue to flourish, and the people running them continue to prosper until we learn again to condemn, despise, and have nothing to do with, dishonesty of any kind, large or small.

This will put them out of business.

Of course, the abundance of temptation all around us today makes things much more difficult. When everyday articles like bread and meat become worth stealing the need of a standard of total honesty is all the greater.

Far from being an excuse for laxity, scarcity is a reason for greater discipline. Nor are Continental abuses any justification for tolerance here.

Abroad, undercover dealings were for years the only way to keep alive. They were also a patriotic method of outwitting the Germans. Thousands now find it difficult to get out of the habit.

We have no such excuse.

It will be a poor sequel if we allow ourselves to be conquered and occupied now, not by an army, but by the slick and prosperous rats who scuttle around in the moral darkness of a period in which our standards of honesty have reached bedrock.

In the "Hungry Forties" of the last century it was generally the poor who stole, because their need was the more bitter.

The lesson that it is easier to be honest when one has plenty is something which the "Hungry Forties" of this twentieth century are likely to teach all of us. At least this much can be said of our present wants—that we all share them.

That fact is important. Much of the undoubted hypocrisy about the virtues of honesty lay in the fact that the lesson was usually directed by the rich. They, who had little need to be anything else but honest, condemned the poor, who often found it extremely difficult.

"Honesty is the best policy" came glibly enough from the lips of squire and magistrate in an age when the division between rich and poor was tragically greater than it is today.

"She was poor, but she was honest," is the way the old song puts it. It was thought exceptional to be both at a time when such brutal institutions as that in which little Oliver Twist once asked for more gloomily awaited Britain's poor.

Yet the feeling that honesty could be discredited because it was fostered by propertied classes for their own benefit—like the evil old Game Laws, so useful in scaring the starving from a landlord's coverts—is out of date now. More and more things are becoming the collective property of the people.

Children are taught in the catechism "to keep their hands from picking and stealing." We need more than ever to learn the old lesson today.

For "picking and stealing," whether on the big scale of organized crime, or of the minor one of taking those small possessions which often cannot be replaced, is an increasingly serious matter.

Honesty, after all, not only *is* the best policy; it is also the only one upon which a civilized community can exist. For centuries whole towns locked their city gates at sundown to keep out robbers.

Long and hard has been the course by which our society has evolved from that lawless state to the stage of security in which one unarmed policeman keeps a casual eye on the sleeping homes of decent people whose essential honesty can be taken for granted.

Filter of Regulations

Ultimately, however, it is not the policeman who keeps us secure and our possessions intact.

It is our own conviction, and our neighbours' conviction, that honesty *is* the best policy and its opposite mean and contemptible.

The circumstances of today make it of special importance that we act on these convictions.

Many of the necessities of life now reach us through an enormous filter of rules and regulations, the purpose and justification of which is to ensure a fair share for all.

Without general agreement that it is honest to respect those rules and despicable to try to evade them, the whole thing will break down. The consequences will be grave indeed.

Honesty will come into its own again once we relearn how to value it for its own sake. The roots of the matter lie in self-respect.

Almost every day brings us some opportunity, sometimes large, usually small, to be dishonest.

If we can overcome the temptation to use the chance, not because other people might see us, but because we are involving ourselves in a degrading and anti-social act, then we shall have gone a long way towards combating these lowered morals.

Honesty, after all, is not the best policy because it pays (although it does, in the long run). Honesty is the best policy because it is right and true, and means treating our neighbour as we would like to be treated ourselves.

★ ★ BEHIND THE BEE

by DENNIS

"To understand the point at which a glass of bitter ties up with the world grain shortage you need some knowledge of how beer is made, distributed and sold to our thirsty millions"

ON APRIL 25 THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, announcing a 15 per cent cut in grain allocated for brewing, ordered brewers to reduce output to 85 per cent of the standard barrelage brewed last year.

Need for the cut was generally acknowledged, and people were quite prepared to drink 15 per cent less beer to save starving Europe.

But the results have been unexpectedly severe. A nation-wide shortage is keeping far too many public houses closed while the thirsty public wanders in search of a drink.

In many cases the cut amounts to as much as 50 per cent, and the situation is getting worse. The prospect for the next six months is bleak.

I have listened to thirsty people expressing their doubts, grievances and suspicions—angry people, who want to know where the beer is going. Searching for the answer, I have examined every angle of the business of making, distributing, selling and drinking beer.

The reasons why the 15 per cent grain cut has led to as much as a 50 per cent cut in the amount of beer available go far beyond the obvious. First it is necessary to understand the standard barrelage system. For the cut was 15 per cent of standard barrelage.

A standard barrel of beer is thirty-six gallons of a specific gravity of 1055° before fermentation. It is a unit of quantity plus quality used by the excise authorities for assessing tax. It is seldom actually drunk.

Now ordinary mild beer has a specific gravity of only 1027°. It is much thinner than the standard barrel at 1055° because it contains more water. In fact, 100 standard barrels are the equivalent of about 204 barrels of mild at 1027°.

So it will be seen that the Ministry's cut is not a 15 per cent reduction of *any* beer. The 15 per cent reduction of standard barrelage actually means a 30 per cent reduction in the case of mild.

Queen Victoria became the patron saint of brewers when she told Palmerston, "What my people want are cheaper bibles and better beer."

It is a fact that the beer she gave her lunatics, Public Institution beer, the stuff that haymakers swilled by the gallon to sweat out in the July sun, was no thinner than the beverage we call mild ale.

Mild stays at the specific gravity of 1027° (pre-war gravity was 1035° to 1045°).

Grain Shortage Blamed

Beer output last August amounted to 1,955,169 standard barrels or 3,137,892 bulk barrels, the average specific gravity being 1034°. This August brewers may not exceed 1,661,894, and the bulk barrelage, of course, will depend on the specific gravities used.

The cause of the cut was, of course, the world grain shortage, for which neither the brewers nor the Government can really be blamed. It is something that was brought about by war and drought.

But to understand how the grain shortage has a direct bearing on whether or not you can be sure of a glass of bitter at the "local" this evening, you need some knowledge of how beer is made.

Beer is made from water, malt, hops, a little sugar for sweetening, and some caramel for colour.

Water gives the beer of various districts its characteristic qualities. Burton pale ales depend on the high percentage of calcium sulphate which is naturally found in the water at Burton-on-Trent. Black beers, on the other hand, require water with a minimum of dissolved salts.

The modern brewer doesn't have to shift his brewery to a particular district for a particular water. He treats his water with natural mineral salts, hardening or softening it—and this is the only time chemicals are used in brewing.

The food value of beer comes from the malt, most of which is prepared in the winter. The malting season starts in October and ends in April.

Barley is made to germinate artificially. Carbon dioxide is given off by the grain, and the embryo at the base of the starchy matter begins to grow. When the young stem, or acrospire, has attained the opposite end from that at which it has sprung, the malting process is complete. Further germination is arrested by drying and withering in a kiln.

Brewing Begins

The withered shoot is now a negotiable commodity, and its distribution and sale, its price, export and control are the direct concern of the Maltsters' Association of Great Britain.

The process of brewing begins when the crushed malt arrives at the mash-tun; water is added, and the mixture has something of the consistency of porridge. The mash-tun is a large iron vessel with a false bottom, into which a certain amount of warm water is run.

A fermentable substance called diastase, secreted during the malting process, acts upon the starch in the malt. In the presence of warm water the diastase converts the starch into malt sugar or maltose and dextrin.

The amount of water added and the temperature and consistency of the mash are varied according to the liquor to be brewed.

After two or three hours the liquor, or wort, is filtered and run off, by means of the false bottom in the mash-tun, into a large copper boiler. Hops are added and the liquid is boiled for about two hours.

It is then passed into a draining vessel or hop-back, where it is freed from the remnants of hops and suspended matter, cooled rapidly in refrigerators and run into a vat for fermentation.

The initial temperature of fermentation is of the utmost importance, the average start being at 58 degrees F. In the vat the temperature is controlled by means of an attemperator—a pipe running through the vessel. Hot or cold water may be circulated as required to maintain a gradual rise of about 8 degrees F.

The initial temperature of the wort is called the "pitching" temperature. If it is too high the fermentation will go beyond control, while if it is too low the yeast will be slow in starting to ferment the wort.

Yeast is now added and fermentation begins. The yeast cells feed on the wort and break up the fermentable sugar present into alcohol and carbon dioxide. The gas, meeting the glutinous matter, forms a great frothy head on the vat, sometimes six feet in height.

After about sixty hours, fermentation is complete, the yeast having reproduced itself until it is from six to eight times its original quantity. The bulk of this is skimmed off and what is left becomes a compact, leathery mass which keeps off all dust and impurities from the liquid under it.

The beer is now ready and, after a cleansing process, can be run into casks or bottled.

Malt, which comes from barley, is thus the point

ER CRISIS

HOLMAN

at which the world grain shortage ties up with the difficulty the average man experiences in getting beer to drink.

What about hops?

There is a popular fallacy that hops determine the strength of beer. Many people, criticizing "thin" beer, are heard to say, "Not enough hops."

The fact is that hops are used only for three reasons. (1) For bitterness—without hops beer would be too sickly and nauseating to drink. (2) As a preservative—of little importance today, when beer is drunk so quickly. (3) For aroma.

Brewers demand English hops as far as possible, and a little Continental hops for lager. The American product is good, but the Treasury prohibits the purchase of hops from outside the sterling area.

But the 15 per cent cut will not affect the hop industry. It will give the brewers a chance to use more hops in beer.

The second main cause of beer shortage is bad allocation of supplies. It is probably not realized by the beer drinker who finds his "local" shut (with SORRY, SOLD OUT notices on the door) that the distribution of supplies is still based on conditions existing three years ago.

During the war certain areas, particularly in country districts, had to cater for large numbers of troops and were given an appropriate allocation. The troops—and these included the vast American Army—have since moved, but the allocation continues.

That is why so many seaside public houses have had an ample supply of beer while other areas, in London especially, have experienced a severe shortage. Bombed-out civilians and other evacuees, returning to the big cities, have aggravated the situation.

Last Whitsun seaside towns were deserted and their well-stocked public houses unvisited, while millions flocked to London for the Victory parade and left the pubs dry for a week.

There is plenty of room here for complete reorganization.

Adjustments are already in hand and it is likely that, as allocations are revised and the supply position evens out, there will be fewer complaints of unfair distribution.

The shortage should be spread over the country to a greater extent, and not concentrated in certain unlucky spots.

Thirsty Holidaymakers

It is obvious, though, that the holiday season must create additional complications, as more people leave their homes and do their drinking in seaside pubs instead of in their "locals."

There are some minor reasons for the shortage as well. Bottles are a difficulty. Following D-Day, many millions of bottles were sent overseas to the troops. Most of these bottles are now smashed or lost, and replacing them is a slow business.

Brewers have attempted to meet this situation by switching more of their output to draught beer, but, with the greater strain, casks are deteriorating rapidly. And those highly skilled workers, the coopers, are nearly extinct as a craft.

What of the publicans' attitude?

The good publican doesn't shut up shop unless he is really "dry."

But it isn't worth his while to stay open, when there is nothing to sell, just to give patrons the recreational facilities of his house.

Overhead costs have increased, wages particularly, and licence duty remains exorbitantly high. Here is the publican's chief complaint—he has to pay duty based on 50 per cent of the normal value of the premises, originally introduced when the premises could remain open for nineteen hours out of twenty-four.

To prove that licences were assessed on the number of hours, he recalls that, when houses were closed on Sunday, a rebate of one-seventh was allowed. Owing to shortages in 1942 publicans were allowed a rebate of 5 per cent, yet during the first World War the rebate was 75 per cent. There is a greater shortage now, yet licences have not been reduced proportionately.

An increase in the price of beer is being considered.

Hop-growers won't lose by the 15 per cent beer cut. Hops are used only to give aroma and bitterness. Brewers are likely to add more in view of the cuts. This Academy painting of hoppers is by Miss A. K. Browning, R.O.I.

Huge Revenue

And if there has, already, been an increase in the price since 1939, the publicans say they haven't smelt a farthing of it. Most of the cost of beer goes in duty.

The duty on a standard barrel of mild is 286s. 5½d. In 1914 it was 7s. 9d. On spirits, too, the duty has increased nearly eighteen times. Quite an income for the Government! Yes, but the beer drinker has, unfortunately, to pay much more than his share of the Inland Revenue. Net excise receipts for the year ended March 31, 1945, totalled £278,876,870.

Alderman Dyer, Chairman of the London Central Board, summed up the position. "I've often wondered," he told me, "whether the public realizes that beer duty today is thirty-six times higher than it was in 1914, and more than three times the level of 1939. Yet the public can get a glass of good beer today at only five times the 1914 price."

Alderman Dyer has made some constructive suggestions on the subject of sharing out the shortage. He would like to see houses open throughout the week, and for the full permitted hours on Saturdays and Sundays.

To make this possible, he has urged publicans to divide a week's stock into nine equal parts, to sell only one part on a weekday and two parts each on Saturday and Sunday.

The future of the beer industry depends on what the Government intends for it. A conservative estimate of profits made by breweries from 1920 to 1938 is more than £446,250,000. The industry, as one of the greatest in national importance, may eventually come under the scope of nationalization. Already Government and co-operative experiments in brewing and distribution have, as at Carlisle, been successful. The Government may decide to try elsewhere.

In the meantime our concern is to see that brewers and publicans ensure that everyone gets a fair share of what little beer is available.

There is no black market in beer as yet. There must never be.

As I was saying ★ by HERBERT HODGE

WHAT TO DO ON A WET HOLIDAY

Even the best organized holiday is spoilt by rain, so people say. But JOHN BULL's homely philosopher, Herbert Hodge, gives some useful tips on how to enjoy our capricious climate

THIS IS THE ONE TIME OF THE YEAR when we all wish the same thing. So I'd better begin with it. I hope the weather's going to be fine for your holiday.

For myself, I don't mind if it rains a little. I rather like a bit of rain. I can't remember a single enjoyable holiday that didn't have some rain in it. My ideal weather is a mixture of sunshine and shower, with a nice gentle breeze that blows when you want to move about, and stops blowing when you want to sit still.

However much we grumble at our British climate, no one can call it a bigoted climate. It's one of the few climates in the world that tries, like the B.B.C., to please everybody.

In other countries, the climate may be more predictable. You may be able to tell almost to a day what sort of weather to expect. In the hot season, you know it's going to be hot; and in the cold season, cold. In the dry season, it's dry; and in the wet season, wet. But it's monotonous.

Besides, with that sort of weather, you're apt to get far too much of whatever's going. You're either too hot or too cold, or too dry or too wet—for weeks on end. Whereas, in our sensible British climate, you sample all four in a day; and then go to bed at the end of it feeling you've had a very pleasant mixture. There's also the excitement of wondering what new combination the weather's got in store for you tomorrow.

The British climate is like so many other things about Britain. You have to sample the climates of other countries before you can appreciate it.

What settled the matter for me was waking up one morning on the *Queen Elizabeth*, homeward bound, just as we were entering the Clyde; and looking out of the porthole at a succession of tiny green islands. The delicacy of their colour caught at my heart.

I had forgotten how beautiful our particular British shade of green could be. I don't believe there's anything in the world quite like it. A gentle English rain was falling. Or was it a Scotch mist?

Anyway, I remember thinking that if our peculiar British climate could do nothing else except produce that beautiful shade of green, it had thoroughly justified itself. And I, for one, wanted no other.

Do We Need More Workers?

MY REMARK, the other week, that I was not against foreign workers coming into this country—if we needed them—has moved several readers to remonstrate with me.

Their chief arguments are that foreign workers would want all the good jobs; that competition between British workers for the good jobs is quite bitter enough, without adding foreign competition to it; and that, in any case, our national temperaments are different, and we shouldn't be able to work together amicably.

Well, in the first place, I'm certainly not in favour of flooding this small island with more people than we can comfortably support. I am not, therefore, in favour of inviting foreign workers here if we don't *need* any more workers.

Prejudice Against Foreigners

The only people who can decide whether we really need more workers are the men and women who are planning our national economy — the leaders in Government and industry.

But if we *do* need more workers to put this country on its feet again, I can see no objection to inviting some from other countries.

The fact that they're "foreigners," with foreign ways and foreign temperaments, is neither here nor there. There certainly won't be enough of them to change our British temperament—whatever that may be.

The truth is, we've been steadily absorbing "foreigners" into this island throughout our history. And if we now invite more foreign workers into our British family we shall simply be continuing our normal growth.

The only "foreigners" we've never thoroughly absorbed are the Jews—partly because the Jews themselves refuse to be absorbed. They seem to prefer to remain a distinctly Jewish community. The original blame for that may rest equally with the Gentiles. But so long as this clearly marked racial distinction between Jew and Gentile continues—so long will mass-hatred be liable to flare up between them.

It's true, of course, that if the foreign worker comes here he will be competing with us for the better kinds of jobs.

Provided always that we don't overcrowd our small island, I see no harm in more competition. In fact we, most of us, need competition to keep us up to the mark.

No man can stay put. Every man becomes either better or worse. He is either struggling forward or slipping back. The easy thing to do is to slip back, to do less and less and less. It's so easy, you hardly notice it—until it's too late to reverse your direction.

Struggling forward, on the other hand, is always extremely difficult—so difficult that few men can manage it entirely of their own free will. Most of us need the spur of other men's competition to keep us at it.

A Social Paradox

The more idealistic the social system you plan, the more you need to stimulate healthy competition between individuals, within that system, in order that the whole community may struggle forward, instead of slipping back.

It may seem a paradox at first sight. But if you think about it, it shines out as a plain and obvious truth. The more Socialist we become as a nation, the more keenly competitive we shall need to become as workers within that nation. It's the only way we can make a real success of the new life.

For all these reasons, therefore, it seems to me it will pay us to invite foreign workers—if there's work here waiting for them to do. To keep them out, solely from fear of their individual competition on the job, is fatal. It's a sign that we don't feel sufficiently sure of ourselves to keep our end up. And if that's how we feel about it, we might as well throw up the sponge at once. It means that we're already beginning to slip back.

But I don't think we are—though we may be pausing a bit more often, these days, to wipe away the sweat.

Besides, it's always worth bearing in mind, when a question like this crops up, that we *are* committed to a belief in the Brotherhood of Man.

It may be a mistaken belief. But, if it is, there can't be much of a future for mankind. In any case, we can't hope to find out, if we don't at least try, in questions like this, to give our belief in that brotherhood a chance to prove itself.

"I rather like a bit of rain"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

one of a crowd

WE CAN'T ALL BE LEADERS. Only here and there do people spring up with a real ability to think and to do in such a fashion that others are willing to follow them.

But if we can't lead, we don't need to be just blind followers. Let us follow the right, and follow it gladly; but let's be sure it is the right.

One of the hallmarks of greatness is always the ability to stand alone. Moral courage is something much harder than physical courage.

We all have a good deal of the herd instinct in us. We all like to be part of a crowd, to think like everyone else, to act like everyone else. But it isn't always a good thing. The ability to stand alone, in a better way, on a higher platform, is often an anvil upon which character is forged.

Many a youngster who has taken a wrong turning would never have done so if he had, at some time or other, had the courage to say "no!" when all his friends were unthinkingly saying "yes!"

Don't just be led. People respect a man with principles and the courage to abide by them. Follow only the highest, and others will raise their standards.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

a flair for the dramatic

When the lovely Marchesa begged her lover's life in exchange for her virtue, the police chief recognized the plot of her favourite opera, but events proved to be different

by BRIAN MURTOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY SPURRIER

"To the most beautiful woman in Italy," said the chief of police, proposing a toast

ANSTEY AND THE MAYOR of Pariola were sitting at a table outside the Bar Espero. Pariola is a dirty little village on the slopes of the Alban Hills and the "Espero" is a dirty little bar.

The mayor, Russo, was a sleek, plump man who obviously didn't belong to the seedy, smelly streets of Pariola. Anstey, an English ex-soldier who had fought his way up Italy with the Eighth Army, had returned, from the grey humdrum of Manchester, to satisfy a strange nostalgia.

The heat of a July afternoon closed in on the little village and brought to most of its inhabitants a listless sleep.

"It took war," said Russo, "and the rumble of guns in the distant hills, the air armadas overhead, the unrelenting approach of battle, to keep us awake when the sun was high."

"What were you doing in those days?" Anstey asked.

Russo's dark eyes lit up with the pleasure of recollection.

"Like most people," he began, "I was a member of the party—but discreetly so. When the hated Tedeschi were driven out of Rome, I decided that my services could indeed be useful to the gallant Allies and I took up an appointment in our civil police department.

"My job was to track down men and women who had been too friendly with the Germans, too openly hateful of the English and Americans.

"It was in this capacity that I came across one of the most romantic happenings of my life. I might say that it was *the* most romantic happening.

"But before I regale you with the details, let me first get another drink. As I see that our friend, Alfredo, is fast asleep, it would be better if I fetched it myself."

The mayor disappeared into the darkness of the little bar and shortly returned with a bottle.

"This will save disturbing Alfredo in the future," he said. "And it will slake our parched throats, for the story I have to tell is a long one."

And this is what Anstey heard. . . .

* * *

If you are fond of the opera at all (said Russo) you will know Puccini's masterpiece, *Tosca*. It is one of the most popular in Italy. Urchins whistle excerpts from it as they black your boots on the pavements of the big cities. Every middle-class child, brought up on music from a very early age, can recount its story.

It is a simple enough tale, set in a bygone age of lavish splendour and great intrigue. Briefly, it tells how a noblewoman of Rome tries to rescue her lover, Caravadossi, the painter, from the secret police.

She does this by bargaining her honour with Scarpia, the police chief. In return, he promises to substitute blanks for the bullets used by the firing squad at his prisoner's execution.

Scarpia signs an order to this effect and claims his reward from Tosca. But, at a moment when his back is turned, she seizes a knife and stabs him. Taking up the precious order, she leaves him to die and speeds to the Castel Sant'Angelo where her lover is to be shot.

She finds him on the ramparts, awaiting death and tells him that he need have no fear. When the shots ring out he must feign death. Later friends will come and remove him to a place of safety.

The shots are fired, he crumples to the ground, and the soldiers are marched off.

Tosca returns, goes to Caravadossi, and tells him that he may rise. But she shakes his fallen body in vain. The bullets were only too real. Scarpia has cheated her from his grave. In despair, she hurls herself over the parapet of the castle to her death.

There are many performances of *Tosca* in the Opera House at Rome and, when I get the opportunity, I go down there. I have heard it many times since the war ended and always it sends my memory back to the story of the Marchesa della Montagna.

Flavia Montagna was a beautiful woman, one of the loveliest in Roman society. She was also very clever, with

a quick brain and a nimble wit. She divided her patronage equally between politics and the arts and it was her love of both that nearly cost her her life. For like many of her class, she was violently against the Fascists.

Her beauty and her native wit gave her entry into a small and exclusive circle of intellectuals. And it was these things which made Vittorio Cortaldo fall in love with her.

Vittorio Cortaldo was one of the greatest water-colour artists and sculptors modern Italy has produced. He was also a member of the Fascist Party. This may seem odd to you. You are probably of the opinion that artists do not dabble in politics.

In Mussolini's Italy it was sometimes necessary to be a Fascist in order to make a living. For Cortaldo membership of the party meant riches; and when the Germans took over in Rome, he had found it expedient to be seen in their company.

Then the Germans departed and ardent bands of anti-Fascist Italians set out to rope in the collaborators. One of the first men to be thrown into the Regina Coeli prison was Vittorio.

Now, as Cortaldo loved the Marchesa della Montagna, so she loved him.

The flame of their passion was only fanned by their political differences.

THAT Flavia should take the course of joining the partisan bands in the surrounding hills may seem surprising—ladies of rank and breeding do not do such things—but you may put it down to that flair for flamboyant drama which dominated her every action.

She pleaded with Cortaldo to leave Rome with her. But years of riches had made the artist indolent and weak, unable to forsake the fleshpots. He refused and, after a frightful scene, the marchesa left him—to the Germans and later to his avenging fellow Romans. But she could not leave him for good, and this is where Puccini comes in.

Flavia Montagna's dramatic sense had been fed, since childhood, on visits to the opera. No presentation aroused her more than *Tosca* and, even as a little girl, she used to portray her heroine in make-believe games with her friends.

Frankly, my friend, she lived only for the day when she could play such a part in real life. Her chance came when Cortaldo was locked up in the Regina Coeli, awaiting execution.

Cortaldo would be living now if the Marchesa della Montagna hadn't been so infernally keen on making a dramatic scene. A large bribe in the right direction could have secured a certain carelessness in supervision and he could have been whisked away in a conveniently-placed fast car. After all, a really big catch like General Roatta was fished out of jail, so why not a mere artist?

But oiling the palm of the right official did not appeal to Flavia when she made up her mind to free her Vittorio. Having decided, in the best dramatic tradition, that love conquers all and that past differences could not prevent her from severing her lover's bonds, she was determined to play her part in a way which would have won her at least six curtain calls at the Royal Opera House.

She would do it like Tosca or not at all. But there would have to be some modification in the plot. It would not be easy to stab the man from whom she intended to seek her favour. Taking a life did not appal her. But there would have to be a more subtle—and surer—way of killing him. And while poison is not very spectacular, what was good enough for the Borgias was good enough for Flavia della Montagna.

Accordingly, armed with a small phial, she sought an interview with the official responsible for the imprisonment and execution of people like Cortaldo. This man, you must understand, was a votary of the opera and he was also not unaware of the marchesa's eccentricities.

It was not difficult for him to guess, therefore, what part she was playing when she swept into his office that evening. Her lovely black hair was on her shoulders, a large jewel sparkled at her bosom, a flowing cape did not hide but served to display the magnificence of her gown.

"So it's to be Tosca," he chuckled to himself. "And almost as impressive as Caniglia at the theatre last night."

But while he smiled, he was quick to hide his revolver and paper knife.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of the marchesa's visit?" he asked courteously.

"I have come to ask you, signor, for the release of one, Vittorio Cortaldo, a sculptor," she answered.

The signor shook his head. "I am sorry, signora," he said. "That is not possible. The Committee of the Resistance has decided that he shall die this night. I cannot change these orders."

"I will not ask—I will plead for his life," said the marchesa.

"And I must still refuse you," answered the official.

The tears were in her eyes and she sank on her knees by the desk. The official was thoroughly impressed, but took pains to conceal his feelings.

"Look at me," she said. "You know me as a woman who has done much in the cause of the Resistance. You must remember that it was I who placed the bomb in the dustbin in the Via Rasella so that it would explode when the German soldiers went by."

The official nodded his head gravely.

"I know all about you, marchesa, but I can still do nothing."

"This Cortaldo is no dangerous traitor. He is an artist and he mixed with the enemy because his mind was above sorting out the differences of political belief. You cannot kill a man for ignorance."

"Nowadays we need no reasons to kill anyone," said the official.

Moved though he was by the fidelity with which she was living the Tosca role, he was convinced that in the end she would resort to plain bribery. The Montagna art collection was only surpassed in cash value by the Montagna family jewels.

BUT with downcast eyes, with a faint suspicion of a blush on her white cheeks, with a voice that trembled, Flavia della Montagna said: "Signor, give this man his freedom and I will give you the most precious thing in my possession. I will give you my virtue. Release Cortaldo and I promise to be yours."

This was Tosca indeed.

"For such a gift," declared the official gravely, "I can refuse you nothing."

"Then you will sign a paper authorizing Vittorio's release?" asked Flavia, rising to her feet, the light of happiness once again in her eyes.

"I will do it immediately," said the official, deliberately drawing paper and pen towards him.

Such a moment occurred, too, in the opera, and Flavia took advantage of it.

"I do not wish that you should get yourself into trouble, signor," she said. "Write to the prison governor that, for political reasons, it would look well if Cortaldo appeared to be shot but tell him to substitute blanks for the firing squad's bullets. I can then claim his body, for such is the duty of the nearest friend. And afterwards, I shall come to you."

"A capital idea," said the official. "I shall write accordingly and you may deliver the message."

As he wrote, he read aloud what he had put down. Flavia, leaning over his shoulder, saw that he had done what she had requested.

Then as he sealed the envelope, she said: "Signor, we must have a toast. We must drink long life to Cortaldo and success to our future friendship."

The official opened a drawer and produced a bottle of wine and glasses.

Having filled the glasses, he finished sealing and addressing the envelope.

Then came the moment he should have expected.

Flavia's back was towards him and her cloak shielded her action from his view, but across the room there was a mirror set at an angle, and in it he saw her drop a few particles of powder into one of the glasses.

He gave no sign. A pity to spoil the act, he thought. And another consideration flashed across his mind.

"To the most generous Italian of them all," she proposed in ringing tones.

"To the most beautiful woman in Italy," he answered.

Flavia drained her glass. The official followed her example. But as he set down his glass, he was seized with a fit of coughing which necessitated his putting a large handkerchief to his mouth.

Then suddenly, he slumped across his desk.

THE marchesa did not wait. The poison, she knew, produced unconsciousness, followed assuredly by death.

She seized the precious letter and hastened off.

Yes, it was all according to *Tosca*. And yet, not quite.

She delivered the letter to the governor of the Regina Coeli. She managed to warn Vittorio that the bullets of the firing squad were blank. He must feign death.

Yet, Cortaldo, like Caravadossi, died all right. And Flavia, unlike Tosca, could not hurl herself from a parapet to her death because the execution was carried out on the ground floor of the prison.

* * *

The Mayor of Pariola poured out more wine. Anstey, silent after the story, was suddenly aware that the village around them slept no more. The church bells were ringing the Angelus.

"What happened to the marchesa?" asked Anstey.

Russo smiled. "Oh, she recovered, although she was terribly upset at the time. I think she is quite happy now."

"But the letter—why was Cortaldo shot in spite of that?"

"The letter the governor received was a piece of blank paper. The official had substituted it while Flavia was poisoning his wine," explained the mayor.

"As for the official, he is alive and well to this day. You see, when he had that coughing fit, he was, of course, really passing the poisoned wine into his handkerchief. Flavia della Montagna wasn't the only person to enjoy a piece of melodrama."

He chuckled.

"And now, Signor Anstey, if you look towards the balcony of that villa to your left you will see a tall, graceful woman. My wife, signor—the former Marchesa della Montagna!"

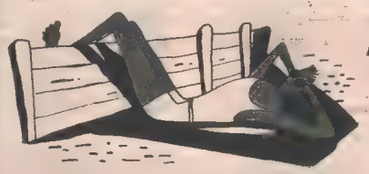
Anstey was too surprised to reply.

"A wonderful person," breathed the little man. "I gave up much to marry her and to live with her in this quiet, forsaken village. I gave up high positions in the Department of Justice.

"But I could not resist her. I believe she was right when she said that two persons with so much in common could not be kept apart. We were made for each other, she said. We both had such a strong flair for the dramatic.

"For by now you will understand, my friend, that I was the police chief with whom she bargained for Cortaldo's life.

"It was all very like *Tosca*. But Scarpia could have used my luck."



WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

What's That Again?

AMONG THE CASUALTIES of the war years were those little foreign phrase books that we used to take with us when we went abroad.

You could ask for almost anything with them—as long as you could find the right page at the right moment. The only drawback was that, when the person answered, you couldn't understand a word he said. Unfortunately, he had never learnt the correct answers as given in the little book.

I remember seeing one phrase book which contained the phrase: "Won't you take your boots off?" I often wondered just when you might want to use it.

One thing about the books that I liked was their habit of giving several alternatives in a remark so that you could strike out the one which did not apply. There was one, for instance, which said, "I want a hot, cold, Turkish bath."

★ ★ ★

In view of the large number of foreigners in this country, or coming here shortly, I am preparing a holiday phrase book in English. Here are parts of it:

AT THE RAILWAY STATION:

Where, please, is the queue for the 10.54 train?—Outside the station, turn right, left, clockwise. The end of the queue is a quarter, half, three-quarters, a mile away.

At what time does the train arrive which brings from (*place name*) my aunt, cousin, friend, mother-in-law?—The train from (*place name*), due at 2.15 p.m., will arrive at 3.45 p.m.

Porter, here is a penny, twopence, threepenny-bit, will you be so good as to find me a third-class corner seat in a smoking compartment?—Not 'arf I ruddy well won't.

AT THE HOTEL:

Can you accommodate my wife and me with a large double room?—We can let you have a very nice attic, cupboard, billiard table, corridor.

How much would you charge per night with breakfast?—Two, three, four, five, six, etc., pounds, without breakfast.

Can you provide us with breakfast?—Yes, for five shillings each and your ration books.

Has the hotel a good view of the sea?—Certainly. The telescope is on the roof and costs half a crown a look.

ON THE BEACH:

Is that your child, madam, who has filled my hat with sand?—No, that is my neighbour's child. Mine is the one who is pouring sea water into your picnic bag.

At what time should we leave the sands to queue for luncheon?—Not later than eleven o'clock.

What is the earliest time at which we can go back home?—Today, I hope.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

With a hired car and £50, the Stephens family set out for their holiday in Yosemite Park

£50 HOLIDAY IN THE ROCKIES

This final article in JOHN BULL's series on the home life of Bill Stephens, U.S. ex-soldier, tells of the family holiday

by ROLAND WILD

WHEN, IN AUGUST, the Stephens family of Santa Monica, California, go on holiday for a fortnight they will be fortunate people. The holiday is planned already, and I have had a pre-view.

They have arranged a car for the two weeks and the world is theirs. From their home in suburban Los Angeles, they have the choice of mountains, lakes, the desert, the seaside, piers or ravines, fishing or shooting, lying in the sun, or ski-ing. For the four of them they have set aside the sum of £50, exclusive of the rent of the car.

The plan is to go to Yosemite National Park, where Bill Stephens can get his fishing and where the children can go on hikes. This is 400 miles away, and they plan to take two days over the journey.

The first night out they will stay at a tourist camp, renting a cabin for the night at a cost of twelve shillings.

This will give them two beds, let down from the wall, in a single room with a cooking stove in the corner. Bed-linen is provided free, and the car will be parked outside.

The tourist camp for transients has changed greatly in the past ten years. From being a colony of shacks with an evil reputation and shoddy construction, it has grown up into a carefully-tended and attractive place with lilies in the gardens, concrete walks and well-furnished, very comfortable little habitations.

There is usually a drug store attached to the office, a coffee shop and a cigar store. Eggs and fresh meat are obtainable at the stores, and Mrs. Stephens will cook up a fair meal before bed.

Up in the Mountains

The long climb into the mountains, with a view of some of the finest country in the United States, will cost in all about fifteen shillings for petrol and oil, for petrol is eightpence a gallon still.

They will drive for most of the way on smooth roads capable of taking four cars side by side, roads graded for speed, on which no drivers are competing with each other—and driving manners are the best in the world.

On the way there will be stops for orange juice; Stephens will drive up to a round cafeteria, hoot his horn, and a Hollywood beauty dressed as a pirate or a cowgirl will clip a tray on to the side of the car and serve glasses of iced fresh orange juice, ices or other fruits, for fourpence a time.

This is the safest motoring in the world. All cars are alike and nobody takes a pride in the achievement of his vehicle since all are more or less the same horsepower.

The only crime on the road is discourtesy. There is plenty of room for all, and most Americans, in any case, belong to a "Not Over Fifty Club" to save their cars.

In addition, there is still in force a 35-m.p.h. speed limit to save tyres during the war, enforced whenever the road police get on the track of a speeding driver.

But such is the condition of the road that Stephens, forgetting his jeep experiences in Europe, can count on doing his hundred miles in two hours and a half without heart failure and without exceeding fifty miles an hour.

Their baggage will be simple, for where they are going there is no need for smart seaside wear or city clothes. Nobody looks at your clothes in the mountains. This is a holiday.

The National Parks of America are State-run, and I have often wondered what Dartmoor or the Yorkshire Moors would look like if tourists were encouraged and private enterprise was forbidden. For here there are no advertisement signs and no shops. All necessities can be bought at a Government store that charges city rates.

There are some hotels run by the Parks department of the Government, charging high rates. But ninety per cent of the visitors go to cabins in the woods or erect their tents by the sides of the streams or drag their house-trailers up the mountainous roads and park them on Government sites, with outside benches and tables provided and electric light wires laid on for the light, radio and fans in the trailers.

The only requirement of the Park Inspectors is that the place is kept tidy and free from litter.

There is another encouragement to the Stephens family to keep garbage in the specially constructed garbage cans. At night Mrs. Stephens or the children will be able to look out of their cabin windows and see the grizzlies of the Rocky Mountains prowling through the camp.

The garbage cans cannot be overturned or opened for unwanted food. If a car or a trailer has food inside, the bears will take the hood apart or break through the thin laths of the trailer and find the food. If there is ham in a car, they will tear open the hood, in spite of the presence of human beings, and will be dangerous at the same time.

These bears are not enclosed in any area; they are technically free to roam all over America. When, every evening, the visitor is invited to watch the feeding of the bears, he is reminded that the high wire fence he sees does not enclose the bears but encloses the visitor.

How will the Stephens family occupy their days and nights in this holiday in the Rockies? Every night there is free open-air dancing. There is a free open-air movie showing the wonders of the National Parks and other educational subjects, and there is one ordinary movie showing in each big centre.

Old Indian Custom

In one place there is an ancient, simple and moving spectacle when an old Indian custom is re-enacted. A huge pine tree is lighted, burnt throughout the day, and tossed off an immense precipice at nightfall. Thousands of holidaymakers in a hundred-mile area see its flaming descent and think of the Indian mourning custom that it perpetuates.

And that is all that the National Parks offer as artificial amusement.

This fortnight won't cost Stephens an excessive amount. He will pay three dollars, or 15s., a night for their accommodation and two dollars a day, or ten shillings, for food—cereal and eggs for breakfast, meat for dinner and meat or eggs for supper.

The boys will learn a great deal about nature, for during the day the park officers run lessons, with films and study tours.

There are more ambitious journeys to be made. For a few dollars Stephens can hire a horse for three days and join a party making its way to some out-of-the-way part of the park where American history was made. It may be to the spot where this Yosemite Park was first sighted by a prospector who brought the news back to civilization and was at once called a liar for his lurid description of the giant waterfalls, immense forests and soft valleys.

Today every American can see it for himself. Yosemite belongs to the American people now, and tens of thousands of tourists with the price of a thousand miles' worth of petrol have visited this mountain playground.

There are more than a hundred National Parks in the United States.

Along the white roads of America, across the deserts and into the mountains, the families of the United States are now moving for their summer holidays. It is an event here as much as it is for the English family going a hundred miles to "the seaside."

The fishing rods are sticking out of the roof, and the golf clubs are tucked away at the bottom of all the baggage.

The Hobo Life

They are limited to a stay of three weeks in any one Park, but thousands of retired Americans spend the summer touring the National Parks by car or in trailers, spending three weeks at each camp and driving on to the next.

The hobo existence has become more popular than ever since the housing shortage has become acute. Trailer camps have improved to suit the trade.

The modern trailer is a two-room affair with a dozen lights, comfortable beds, a shower and fitted fans and radios. It needs only the coupling of one wire to make it completely self-contained. They cost about £400, and can be driven at speeds up to sixty miles an hour.

Sometimes, looking round the Trossachs in Scotland, or the Lake District, or the Derbyshire moors or the Wiltshire Downs or the Welsh mountains, I have wondered whether the British countryside could not be introduced to the Englishman in this way instead of letting him find his own way to the drab pier, the unromantic boarding house a mile from the beach, or the "summer resort" charging "special summer prices." He might well appreciate the chance of seeing the finest of Britain without going bankrupt in the process.

Bill and Mrs. Stephens would tell you that America, all of it, belongs to the people. They would certainly break a great many property laws if they toured Britain by their present system.

Free Speech

NOW THAT I'M DEMOBBED

I HAVE BEEN OUT OF THE ARMY about four months. I won't pretend that I entirely enjoyed being in, but there are quite a lot of things that I miss.

One of them is the companionship. There was always someone to talk to or go out with. Those Nissen hut arguments may not have been on a high plane but they livened things up. Now I work away from home and live alone in a bed-sitting-room.

I got lots of sport in the Army—now I never get a game of any kind.

Strangers seem less friendly now. In a train, in a pub, in a cinema queue, lots of civilians would talk to a man in uniform. Now I'm just like themselves and they take no notice of me.

I'm bothered by minor jobs I never had to worry about in the Service. I have to take the laundry, and calculate so that I have enough to wear before I can collect it again. My shoes want mending and I have to find a cobbler, take them, fetch them, and incidentally pay about 7s. 6d.

I have to watch not to get my suit dirty, and I can't spend my money on one grand night out because I have to eat at the end of the week, too. In fact, I'm lonelier, and more harassed by small worries, than I have been for five years. —EX-CORPORAL, Lewisham, London, S.E. (Name and address enclosed.)

In Grandma's Day

WHAT IS EMANCIPATION? I married in those "bad" old days when men ran the country and women kept the homes.

Without trouble we got a delightful house in a good district, rent 5s. 2d. a week. We had a coal-house with space for two tons of coal. Coal was ninepence a hundredweight, and grand stuff. The garden was well planted with soft fruits for jam, and preserving sugar was less than twopence a pound.

Home-keeping then was happy work. I was never bored, never a slave. Domestic helpers were plentiful and so willing.

Consider the woes of the modern housewife. If this is emancipation, they can keep it.—GRANDMOTHER GAY, South Wales. (Name and address enclosed.)

S.A.E. is N.B.G.

IN RESPONSE TO A RECENT advertisement, I received hundreds of applications for a vacant job. Most of the letters were from young ex-Servicemen who enclosed stamped addressed envelopes.

This is quite unnecessary and is a waste of the applicant's time and money. *If* a prospective employer wants to interview a man, the cost of a stamp will not deter him. *If* he does not, then the envelope he gets will not make a scrap of difference.—OFFICE MANAGER, Sidcup, Kent.

Rank Outsiders

WHY DO SO MANY ARMY ex-officers hang on to their titles? I know a major who has retained his title from the last war. He is a big noise in his village and goes a horrible purple colour if addressed as plain Mister Blank.

Lots of men are leaving the Army with commissions and going back to humble jobs. If they retain their titles will Captain Blank like it when Colonel Currant, the grocer, demands settlement of a bill, or Major Spanner calls to mend a leaking tap?—W. LLOYD JOHNSON, 14 Commercial Street, Cornsay, Co. Durham.

Saleswoman

I WAS UP ALOFT painting a house when, "What about you?" a lady shouted to me after selling my mate a flag. I invited her to come up and I would buy one.

To my astonishment she started to climb the ladder to the gable end where

"Started to climb the ladder"

I was working. But fear beat her and she had to give up before she reached me. I reckoned she'd earned something for Dr. Barnardo's Homes and I bought a flag.—R. F. YOUNG, 27 Queens Street, Frodingham, Scunthorpe, Lincs.

Feet of Clay?

RECENTLY A CUSTOMER brought me a pair of those beautiful Indo-China shoes to which a reader referred the other week when he criticized shoes of English manufacture. The shoes had been worn only once, but both heels were broken. No wonder! I found they were made of a mixture of compressed glue and sawdust.

Does it not strike critics of this country's produce as interesting that most foreigners who come here want to take back a pair of British-made shoes?—T. AGGER, 35 Filey Road, Fallowfield, Manchester 14.

Another Private View

VERY MANY THANKS for JOHN BULL'S "private view" of Malcolm Sargent. Many years ago I used to wait on him when he travelled on my Pullman. I can quite understand how, apart from his musical talent, he has so many admirers. I used to wish a vast number of my other customers could have modelled themselves on Dr. Sargent.—C. H. BELDAM, Avery House, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

Amateur Met. Man

THIS MAY BE USEFUL to day excursionists who want to know when they can be reasonably sure of a fine day at the seaside or in the country. Watch for the morning dew on rooftops or on grass in the early hours. If it is there you may be fairly certain of reasonable weather during the day ahead.

I have followed this guidance and observed results for more than forty years.—F. W. DOODY, 48 Canterbury Avenue, Ilford, Essex.

No Fairy Story

PRESENT-DAY CHILDREN are very materialistic. Girls under the age of twelve entered a competition at school. Three prizes were offered—a story book, a savings stamp, and a tablet of soap. An eleven-year-old came in first and chose the soap.—MISS D. LIVERSIDGE, 50 Plumpers Road, Tinsley, Sheffield.

"We Liked Them"

I HAVE BECOME one of your readers through members of the R.A.F. who came here to the Darr Flying School during the war. I would like to tell you that the other day we all went to the cemetery to honour the war dead. Among the graves were seven which bore Union Jacks. Lovely fresh flowers had been placed on them by friends.

Two volleys were fired over the graves of these R.A.F. boys. I knew two of them well, the others slightly. They were real fellows, and local residents spent many happy hours with them. All seven died in the years 1942-44, and I am sending their names so that their relations may know they are not forgotten over here: Raymond Haslam, J. A. Neild, John F. Swain, O. W. Phillips, Gerald Worrall, Harry Dinnage and Raymond Eyres. We liked them.—PAUL C. ROSE, 515 West Summit Avenue, Ponca City, Oklahoma, U.S.A.

Pin-Striped Mechanics

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to the cycle shop mechanic who willingly used to undertake repairs at a minute's notice? He is apparently replaced nowadays by pin-striped, stiff-collared "paper" mechanics who regard the prospect of soiling their hands with pain.

"Wouldn't soil his hands"

My cycle broke down in Nottingham the other day and after pushing it about two miles and being refused attention at ten cycle shops, I finally succeeded. A proper mechanic did the job in three minutes and charged sixpence. — MRS. R. LOWTHER, 60 Trent Road, Beeston, Notts.

What We Fought For

WHEN WILL THE RETURNING ex-Serviceman stop asking that stupid question, "Is that what we've fought for?" when anything displeases him?

Let such men remember that we fought the war for the elementary right to life itself for ourselves and our loved ones. Six years of war does not produce Utopia nor thousand-a-year jobs for everyone.

The real Battle for Britain—for a peaceful, contented Britain—has only just begun. Hard work and hard living by everyone during the next five years will answer that question about what we have been fighting for.—N. HULL, 13 Dunbar Road, Hillside, Southport.

Family Lawyer

I ALWAYS CUT OUT the answers to readers' queries in "Write to JOHN BULL About It" and paste them in a book. By cross-indexing I have a real family lawyer.—H. BROWN, St. Oswin's Hall, Front Street, Tynemouth.

Old Welsh Custom

YOUR READERS MAY LIKE to be reminded that soap was made from mountain bracken by the Welsh fifty years ago.

Their method is interesting, though perhaps not an answer to the soap cuts.

After the harvest, mountain bracken was stacked to dry and then burned. The grey ash was mixed with water and made into cakes. This was the crude but efficient soap of the Welsh country housewife. It was said to wash linen perfectly even in cold water.—C. HILL, 10 Pendine Road, Ely, Cardiff.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

THE VILLAGE FETE

by JOHN PUDNEY

The elms are full, the meadows lush and, all over Britain, villages are holding their first peace-time fetes. Unforgettable scenes are back again

THE ELMS STIR LAZILY, as if the very wind of the brass band moves them.

There is the smell of trodden grass and that unforgettable hot smell of flowers and vegetables beneath the green shade of canvas. There is incessant clatter of cups and saucers. A pistol crack starting off the next heat in the sports. That voice of organizational anguish through a cardboard megaphone.

The hearty man, too, who shouts about all the fun of the fair. The gruntling of the pig for whom we are to try our luck at bowling.

This summer in hundreds of villages and townships in Britain it has come back, a nine days' wonder, a one day's orgy of co-operative efforts, a month's focus for gossip.

I thought the vicar overdid his speech introducing the countess. As for his wife. . . .

Lovely. Such a picture. . . .

Who?

The countess, I mean. I'm Labour, of course, but I must admit that the countess does that sort of thing rather well.

The vicar's wife says she thinks the countess is Labour, too.

That woman! The vicar's wife, I mean—such a gossip. I've always believed in keeping myself to myself, but I ask you! You can hardly breathe a word to her before it's all over the place.

Bert's got first with his spuds. Fred Hartley'll have to pay up on that bet he made in the "Feathers."

Serve him right. Fred shouldn't take on like that about spuds.

Do you know what? Do you know what Bert done? Mind you, I didn't see him, but I got an idea what Bert done.

What's that? Not that it counts one way or t'other, but what do you reckon Bert done to get spuds like that?

I don't know, mind you, but I wouldn't put it past him that he didn't go along every riddy of his spuds and fish out the big 'uns with his fingers. Then he just dug up a root or two and said they was all big 'uns.

They call it a fete nowadays throughout the green length and breadth of Britain. Some call it FATE, some FEET, and the vicar's wife, always to the fore in cultural matters, calls it FE-ATE.

That Clatter of Cups

With that sense of circumlocution which is ever a comfort to the sturdy soul of this nation, as it is the despair of foreigners, we use the French word signifying a religious feast for an occasion which is never religious (in spite of the active assistance of the vicar) and which is by no means a feast (in spite of the clatter of the cups and saucers).

In all its variations it is most British in character. In some places the emphasis may be upon a flower show, in others upon the sports, a tennis tournament, a cricket match, or side shows.

Inevitably there is a committee. Usually it is self-appointed; always it is optimistic and slightly overwrought; and ultimately it gets the blame for everything, from the weather to the collapse of the lemonade supply.

Let's see now. If we have the two Miss Gumbles doing the teas. . . .

But won't that put Mrs. Hammett out? She has always helped with the teas; and she's not on speaking terms with the thin Miss Gumble.

We'll ask Mrs. Hammett to do the sandwiches then. And Tom Hammett, he'll look after the beer for the band, I suppose?

Hammett will always look after the beer. No need to worry about that. Do you remember that year he and the band disappeared just before we wanted "God Save the King"?

That was the year there was the complaint about Fred Hartley's onions—the year Hitler marched into where was it?

The vicar doesn't want Hammett to do the beer. The vicar never forgets these things. He wants Hammett to run the guessing-the-weight.

Then Fred Hartley will have to run the darts competition?

And little Joan Randle will present the flowers to the countess?

And Mrs. Lot has been asked to lend her bell-tent for the dressing up?

And Captain Miller will run the sports?

So that great day, the village summer festival, takes shape. Sometimes the committee insures against wet weather and there is a modest fever of gambling among our more sporting characters.

That Stuffy Marquee

The event is a challenge to all the gardeners. Their voices, so often raised in harmless boasting about the sizes and the shapes and the colours of their absolutely unprecedented crops, are momentarily muffled in feverish competitive silence.

When they speak it is by hints and sly claims, a war of nerves directed mainly to obtaining intelligence about their rivals for those cherished prize cards in the stuffy shade of a marquee.

They say Ted's got some beans that length already. I daresay he's a'growing them for the show?

Shouldn't wonder but what he won't do some good with them, though mine's not so dusty.

You used to have some rare onions at one time. I suppose you never managed to keep the seed during war-time?

No; give it all away, that's what I did.

This year there will be no coconuts; saccharine in the teas instead of sugar. There will be most of the lads back; but no prime hams to cut down blindfold with a sword.

The "best fancy cake" exhibit will be mighty thin and we must wait for the baker's wife's filigree of pink icing.

Miss Clatter's white elephant stall will never regain its former glories, for we are drained of jumble and salvage.

Nevertheless, we shall all turn out: and the people will come from all the villages for miles around.

We hope it will keep fine for the dancing in the evening. We are longing to see the vicar's wife in the Women's Institute one-act drama. We have a sneaking idea our carrots will get a prize.

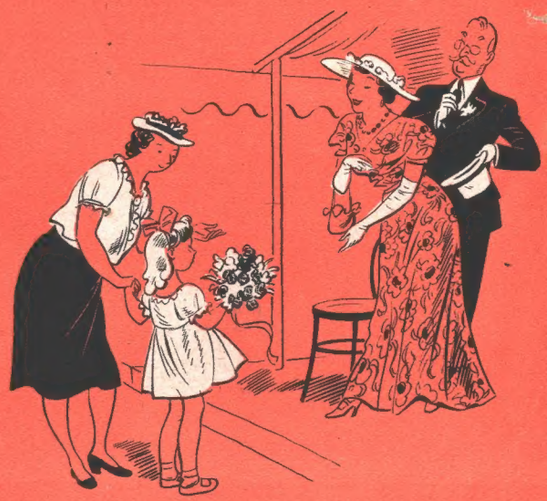
We think the band ought to play "Land of Hope and Glory" after the prize-giving, not before. We still think that Bert was up to some clever business with his new potatoes.

But now, come along, the elms are full, the meadows lush. There is the smell of tents, the clatter of cups, a pistol shot not fired in anger.

This is the first fete of peace.

The pistol-cracking vicar starts off the boys for the first heat of the day

Espionage in the marquee keeps contestants informed about their rivals' chances



Little Joan Randle is rather reticent about giving the flowers to the countess

Their harvest—and yours!

Keen gardeners, Mr. P. Young and his wife (of Acklington, Morpeth) are enjoying today a £250 harvest from the words he sowed in *Bullets* 1,535: On Britain's Plate—*And* Shoulders, Unfair Share.

Now, with a few words planted on your coupon below, you can gather a £300 harvest.

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,537

FIRST PRIZE, £500 and Holiday:

J. W. LEIGH, 9 Strathaird Avenue, Walney, Barrow-in-Furness:

What Used To Be—Another Slice, *Another's* Slice.

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: Miss A. B. Clarke, 20 Smalldale Road, Frenchville, Sheffield: **The Human Race—Lost Tails—Losing "Heads"?** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: E. H. Pack, 145 Hull Road, Anlaby, Hull: **At Pub Door—*Opening* Time, "Gentlemen, *Please*!"**

£10 AND HOLIDAY WINNERS: Mrs. E. Boulton, "South View," Welton, near Lincoln: **Britain's Business—Yours, Too—To Yours!** Mrs. Bourne, Mayfield, Malkins Bank, Sandbach: **To See The World—Charitable, I'd "Give Anything"!** H. W. F. Collard, "Quantock," Portskewett, near Chepstow: **Going To Be Awkward—When Elephant Recognizes Strachey!** J. Emmerson, 12 Corporation Road, Carlisle: **To See The Beauty—In The Morning, Revelation!** J. R. Fletcher, 1 Caelbryn Terrace, Bryn Road, Tondu, Glam.: **Heard In The Queue—"Hope Hubby Isn't Waiting!"** Mrs. E. Green, 136 St. Leonard's Avenue, Hove, Sussex: **Our Holiday—"Won" Through "Giving Up."** P. H. Lisk, Melbury, Nyewood Lane, Bognor Regis: **Prosperity's Bus—Signal With "Savings Umbrella"!** M. Regan, 14 Thornley Road, Stanfields, Tunstall: **If Only She'd Listen—She'd Hear Me—*Snoring*!** G. Thompson, c/o Taylor, 27 Black Bank, Doncaster: **What Sonny Wants—"Private Ownership" Of Railway!** J. B Taylor, Highgate, New Road, Armitage, Rugeley: **When Auntie Paddled—Hour "Wading Through" Preliminaries!**

50 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 New Prizes have been posted to winners.

200 CHEQUES FOR "BULLETS" THIS WEEK!

August is Harvest Month for readers who enter *Bullets*—as many as 800 cheques will be offered and here is the first big sheaf of them, 200 in all.

First Prize, £300; Second, £25; Third, £10; Others of £9, £8, £7 and £6; 6 of £5; 12 of £2 10s.; 25 of £2; 50 of £1 10s.; 100 of £1; 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards, each with £20 opportunity. All prizes posted Wed., August 28.

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual. This week's list of prize *Bullets* above shows you how to win—further guidance in *Bulletin* offered below.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

IN BRITANNIA'S SAFE
WHEN UNO MEETS
GOLDEN HARVEST
THANKS TO THE LOAN
WITHOUT BEER
WHAT IT'S COMING TO
INFLATION
RARE AND REFRESHING
MANUAL WORKER
LIFE'S PLUMS
YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM
WIZARD WIFEY
UPSET THE HOLIDAYMAKERS
NOT SO HOT
SLEEPY VILLAGE

ROOT OF THE TROUBLE
FALSE ALARM
SANDY'S COURTING, SO
IN THE DUSTBIN
WITH A LITTLE WANGLING

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

LOST THE.....
THROUGH OUR.....
ALL.....GETS
MASS OF.....
FLIRTING WITH.....
IT SEEMS....., BUT

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,541 (or XWORD 493), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

Stick 2½d. stamp here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated August 24.

BULLETIN & GAZETTE LABEL—24-8-46

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

1,541 Closing Postmark, MON., AUG. 12

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated August 31, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 489 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Gush. 3, Catch. 8, Dress. 9, Cup. 11, Sleep. 13, Brat. 14, Bank. 15, Dame. DOWN: 2, Sets. 4, Times. 5, Help. 6, Punch. 7, Fares. 10, Park. 12, Pit.

THREE £100 SHARERS: S. G. Cox, Margate; C/Dr. E. W. Taylor, Knaresborough; L.A.C. G. G. Usher, Glam.

Runners-up Award (£25 Cash) shared between 40 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive extra 7s. 6d. Cash in lieu of Fruit Cake now unavailable through rationing.

XWORD CASH AND PENS

Up to 50 Fountain-pens for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes value 10s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Pens—£100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Radio for Outright Winner.

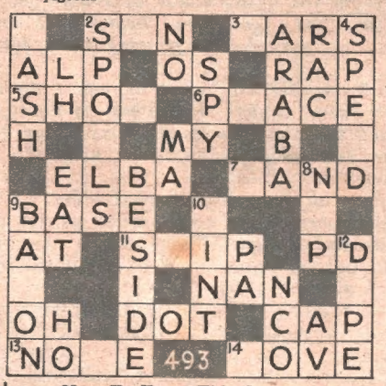
Post Square by Monday, August 12.

Across Clues.

2. Where there's this, there's usually shadow
3. Are often of the kind most people regard as unmusical
5. New one should allow room for expansion
6. Few generals are today satisfied with
7. Ill-timed one can mar musical performance
11. Many men know what it is for theirs to go down
13. Is considered better when neither too flat nor too sharp
14. Is commonly towards mate

Down Clues.

1. Bad conditions can end in prisoners breaking out in one
2. After scouring photographic shops lucky amateur returns with
4. As a rule, really old folk don't do this so much
8. Though taken to revive you, one is apt to leave you more tired than ever
9. Is often given undeserved credit
10. May turn out to be sage
12. It shouldn't be difficult to do this to pigeons



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending only Square with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

Closing Postmark, MON., AUG. 12

No..... **493**

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Allotment Damage

"ON GOING TO MY ALLOTMENT I found that stakes had been driven into the ground, damaging my seeds and plants. The land is to be used for the erection of prefabricated houses but I did not get notice to quit until several days later.

"The allotment was nearly all planted and I claimed £20 compensation. The council offer me only £2 10s. Am I not entitled to compensation on the value of the crops?"

Compensation for disturbance is assessed on the value of the seeds, etc., put into the land, and not on the harvest value of the crops. The council has power to take possession of the land without giving notice, although they should make every endeavour to let the tenant know a reasonable time beforehand.

Army Pay-book Will

"WHEN MY HUSBAND WAS serving in the Army he made his will on the form provided for this purpose in his pay-book. Now that he is demobilized, is that will still valid?"

If the will made on the form in the Army pay-book was signed by your husband in the presence of two witnesses, who also signed, it is still valid.

Statutory Tenants

"MY WIFE AND I are living with her grandfather who is the tenant of the house. In the event of his death, can the landlord evict us? If not, can he raise the rent?"

Provided you have been living with your wife's grandfather for six months prior to his death you cannot be evicted. You may claim the tenancy of the house as statutory tenants. The rent can only be raised as permitted under the Rent Acts, and you would have to be given a proper notice showing the reason for any proposed increase.

Dumped Rubbish

"DURING ALTERATIONS to premises, a nearby firm is tipping rubbish directly in front of my house. Can I make a complaint? If so, to whom?"

As the rubbish is being tipped in a public thoroughfare, you should address your complaint to the surveyor of your local council.

Destroyed Deeds

"PROPERTY WHICH I OWN was mortgaged in 1937 and the deeds passed to a solicitor. The solicitor's office and the deeds were destroyed by enemy action. What is the position if I wish to sell the property? Can the solicitor be held responsible for the loss?"

As it is less than twelve years since you purchased the property you will require evidence to prove your ownership. A certified abstract of the title, or certified copies of the deeds, should be produced if possible. If not, a statutory declaration regarding your title could be made and an indemnity given to the purchaser. The cost will have to be borne by you. The solicitors are not responsible for the loss caused by enemy action.

Hair for Penicillin

"A RECENT JOHN BULL ARTICLE on pencillin said that human hair is used in its manufacture. I am a ladies' hairdresser and would like to know where I can send clean hair clippings."

The authorities controlling the manufacture of penicillin tell us that there is an arrangement for the collection of hair from hairdressers in H.M. Forces, and that this adequately meets all their requirements. They appreciate, however, the many offers they have received from hairdressers and members of the public.

Released Bricklayer

"LAST SEPTEMBER my brother was released from the R.A.F. on Class B Reserve. As he was a bricklayer he was sent to do bomb damage repair work. Can he leave his present job and come home to work? If so, is he obliged to remain in the building trade until his group is released?"

Your brother is required to remain in his present employment as long as he is required by the Ministry of Labour and National Service. He cannot leave without permission. Should he be granted permission, he can be directed to other employment in the building industry.

No Contributions

"OWING TO SICKNESS, I have been off work for twelve months and am now retiring at the age of sixty-one. I have not paid any National Health Insurance contributions since leaving work. I am receiving 10s. 6d. per week disablement benefit. Have I to stamp my voluntary contributors' card or should I return it blank?"

You are excused contributions while you are incapacitated provided medical certificates are sent regularly to your approved society. There is no need for you to become a voluntary contributor, and your current contribution card need not be stamped while unable to work.

THAT FEELING OF SECURITY

"To know that someone is ready to help in time of trouble gives you a feeling of security well worth having," writes Mr. A. Haydock of Darwen in acknowledging payment under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance when his home was burgled.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, HOUSEBREAKING, etc.

"What does he say?"

"Poor dear, he's had a nasty sore place behind his knee but it's better now—he says that Dettol Ointment is wonderful stuff."

ACID STOMACH

Don't you hate it? Take two Rennies And Rennie-vate it!

Do you sometimes feel as if you'd like to get rid of your stomach, because it's been bothering you for years? Well, don't give up! You don't need a new stomach — Rennie-vate the one you've got.

When you are seized with stomach pain, just suck two Rennies, one after the other, like sweets. They neutralize the **excess acid** in your stomach and promote a normal, healthy digestion. They're separately wrapped to carry loose. No water needed —take them anywhere.

If Rennies don't bring quick relief, it's high time you saw your doctor.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** 2/5 FOR 7⅟ (TAX INC.)

A BOUQUET FROM CANADA

"... a lovely record"

Unfailing dispatch of newspapers — whether to a village in the homeland or to some far-away spot within the Empire, is the oldest Smith tradition, and great efforts have been made to maintain that tradition throughout the recent years of war. Bouquets such as this one from Canada make that effort seem well worth while: "This is the fiftieth year I have been subscribing for newspapers through your firm, and in all these years never but one paper that did not arrive as it should. . . . This is a lovely record."

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD.

1500 BOOKSHOPS AND STATION BOOKSTALLS

THE FOOD

that relieves constipation

Not a medicine, not a drug— just a crisp breakfast cereal

CONSTIPATION claims more victims today than before the war. This is mainly due to strain, nerves — and the kind of food we eat. Most meals lack *bulk*—not enough waste is left after digestion for the intestinal muscles to take hold of; they become lazy, and you get constipated.

The best way to correct this is to get more bulk in your diet—by eating a dish of crispy, delicious Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast-time. This health-giving cereal will provide the *bulk* needed to make the sluggish muscles do their work in a normal, regular way.

Have All-Bran every morning—drink plenty of fluids. By doing this you'll relieve your constipation and feel the glorious fitness that comes from perfect regularity.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

3 points a packet, price 7½d.

Flyol + DDT

bad for

FLIES MOTHS AND ALL INSECTS

ALSO IN POWDER FORM

A FUBEX PRODUCT

Phillips' Texture and Cleansing Creams containing 'Milk of Magnesia' refine and beautify the skin. Limited supplies are available

PHILLIPS' *Magnesia* CREAMS

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

PARKER'S *Quality Bulbs*

Single Snowdrops, large white, per 100 10/-, 50 5/-, 25 2/6. **Double Snowdrops,** 100 12/6, 50 6/3, 25 3/3. **Winter Aconites,** Golden Yellow, 100 10/-, 50 5/-, 25 2/6. **Parker's Glorious Anemones** in splendid mixture of colours, double & single blooms, 100 10/-, 50 5/-, 25 2/6. **Trumpet Daffodils,** mixture, fine mixture of large trumpet varieties, 100 30/-, 50 15/-, 25 7/6, doz. 3/9. **Narcissi Mixture,** fine mixture of all short cup varieties, 100 20/-, 50 10/-, 25 5/-, doz. 2/6. **Crocus,** mammoth flowered, in Blue, Striped, White, Purple, Yellow or mixed, 100 10/-, 50 5/-, 25 2/6. **Darwin Tulips,** finest rainbow mixture of colours, 100 30/-, 50 15/-, 25 7/6. **Muscari (Grape Hyacinths),** heavenly blue, 100 10/-, 50 5/-, 25 2/6. Delivery end July onwards. Planting instructions free with every order. Satisf'n. g'teed. Carr. pd. for cash with order. Full descriptive price list of Hyacinths, Tulips, Daffodils, Narcissi & miscellaneous bulbs on receipt of 1d. stamp.

J. PARKER, Bulb Specialist (Dept. J.B.), Old Trafford, Manchester 16

YOUR DAILY TONIC

D.C.L. VITAMIN B_1 YEAST TABLETS promote day-long energy-extra vigour-improved health . . .

TAKE 3 D.C.L. Vitamin B_1 Yeast Tablets (or as prescribed by the physician) every day and you will find yourself in better health and with increased energy for work or play.

RICH IN VITAMIN B_1

These tablets consist wholly of yeast, each ounce of which has developed during cell growth a natural Vitamin B potency equivalent to that of 25 milligrams of aneurin hydrochloride, 1.4 milligrams of roboflavin, and 8 milligrams of nicotinic acid. Each tablet has a Vitamin B_1 potency of 100 International Units (approx.), and is rich in proteins and other nutrients. The tablets contain NO DRUGS.

DCL *Vitamin B_1* YEAST TABLETS

From all Chemists **2/3** (50 *tablets*) **& 3/9** (100 *tablets*)

Sole Manufacturers: THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LTD., EDINBURGH

For men in a hurry!

WARDONIA BLADES FOR QUICKER SHAVES

Going Ahead...

A few years ago, 'ANADIN' was little known outside the Medical and Dental Professions. Today, the demand for these now-famous tablets far outstrips supply. Only high-grade constituents are used in 'ANADIN' which ensures *safe, effective and lasting* relief from headaches and muscular aches and pains.

1/5 & 2/10 (*Incl. Tax*)

ANADIN TABLETS

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

INDIGESTION

. . . *cause and remedy*

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Moorland Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it. Sold by all chemists, 1/3d., also in 6½d. packets (including tax).

Some mistaken beliefs about CANCER

No. 2. THAT ALL LUMPS AND GROWTHS ARE CANCERS

This, of course, is not true. The symptoms that may indicate Cancer can be due to other causes—only a doctor can decide after examination. The important fact is that successful treatment of Cancer depends on early diagnosis. At the first sign of a lump, growth or any symptom associated with Cancer, see your doctor at once. It may not be Cancer, but if it is *early treatment* can arrest its development and recurrence.

CHRISTIE HOSPITAL & HOLT RADIUM INSTITUTE, Manchester, 20

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Apples all the year round in Bulmer's Cider

Bulmer's is positively *made* of apples—2½ lbs. to EVERY FLAGON. Sorry we still can't supply all you need, but we do see that distribution is fair.

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD. HEREFORD

NO DRYING UP—KEEPS MOIST RIGHT THROUGH THE SHAVE

SHAVALLO

LATHER SHAVE

PRICES 1/3 & 2/- *including Tax*

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LIMITED SV 141-76

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